THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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The Gist of It

WHAT the growing mastery of the air means in everyday life, and what it means to the rank-and-file men and women who make possible the headline feats of aviation, are discussed in the first three articles of this issue. For our cover, Air, we are indebted to Hildreth Meiere, mural painter. This is one of thirteen panels in cream and black mosaic designed by Miss Meiere for the floor of the Nebraska State Capitol at Lincoln, Bertram G. Goodhue Associates, architects.

McALISTER COLEMAN, who won his journalistic spurs on the New York Sun, is a frequent writer on industrial subjects. He is co-author with Arthur Garfield Hays and Clement Wood of Don't Treat On Me (Vanguard Press), a book on the use of the injunction in labor disputes. His present article is based on visits to several airplane factories in the course of a recent trip through the Middle West. Page 5.

WHY and how forward-looking communities must make room for airports in municipal planning is outlined by RAYMOND A. O'HARA, principal assistant engineer with the Regional Plan of New York, and member of the fact-finding committee on suitable airport facilities for the New York Metropolitan District, appointed by Herbert Hoover. Page 9.

ALICE HENRY, who tells how home missionaries, government officials and flying experts cooperate in taking medical service to Australia's scattered settlers by airway and radio, is herself a native Australian. Miss Henry has lived for many years in this country and has been one of the leaders of the National Women's Trade Union League. She recently spent a year in her native land. Page 13.

EDWARD HICKMAN is to be hanged October 19. MIRIAM VAN WATERS, writing as psychologist, social worker and proved friend of youth, would turn the public attention that fact arouses from the boy's atrocious crime to the boy himself and to the treatment by which a civilized community would have prevented his career of robbery and murder. Survey readers do not need to be told that Dr. Van Waters is Referee of the Los Angeles Juvenile Court. Page 20.

THOSE who enjoyed CAROLINE SLADE's strenuous Log of a Social Worker, in the last Survey, will be interested in these further glimpses of the day's work. (Page 24.) Miss Slade is executive secretary of the Child Welfare Board of Saratoga County, New York.

J. RUSSELL SMITH, professor of economic geography at Columbia University, sends his lively article on nuts and honey locusts, lost forests and slipping hillsides, from his own experimental farm in Virginia where, he writes, "It is as much fun to see a hybrid hickory tree grow as to watch a golf ball fly." The philosophy of this article is soon to appear as a book: Tree Crops, a Permanent Agriculture (Harcourt Brace and Co.). Page 25.

FROM the village where she and her husband are the joint publishers of four country weeklies, MARY ELIZABETH HENDEE writes, "I am a villager born, hailing from the Middle West. Several years of city newspaper experience sharpened my eyes for village life, and my newspaper contact with four country villages has aroused my interest in their people and problems." Page 29.

RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON, a graduate of Barnard College, who did postgraduate work at Teachers' College, Columbia University, was for several years a teacher in highschool and university, and is now a writer and publicist. Page 31.

FORMERLY on the staff of the New Republic, SIGNE TOKSVIG is now living abroad. Page 33.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG writes of Mrs. Sun Yat Sen, widow of China's great leader, against the background of five years in Russia and more than a year in China, first as a relief worker and later as correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance. Page 34.

MANY Survey readers are doubtless familiar with LILLIAN M. GILBRETH's recent book, Living With Our Children (W. W. Norton), based on the experience of her husband and herself in managing a family of eleven children in addition to their two full-time jobs as heads of an internationally known firm of consulting engineers. Since her husband's death, Mrs. Gilbreth has carried on the firm's work. She has written numerous books and papers on various phases of scientific management. Page 37.

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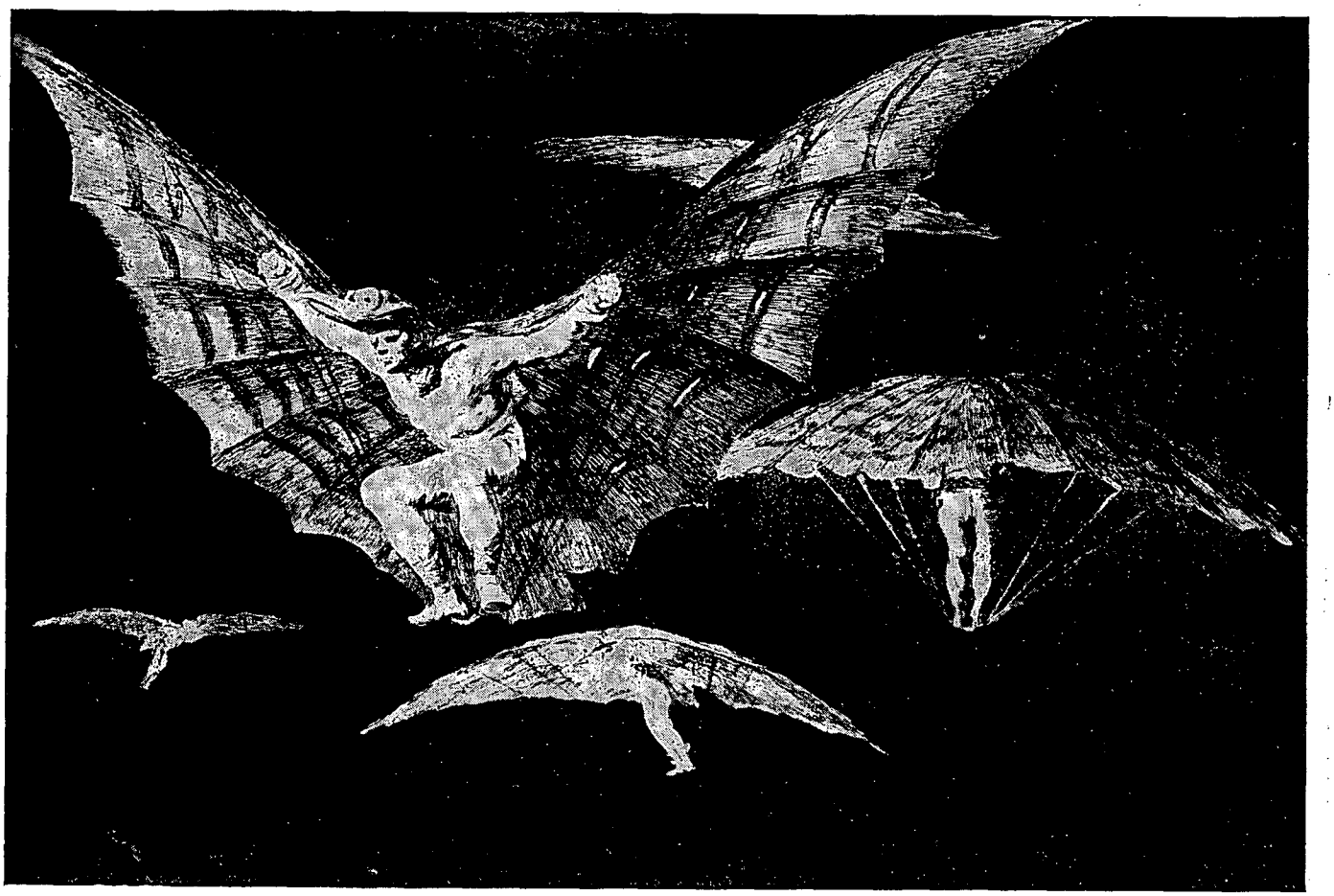

WAY OF FLYING

Etching by Francisco Goya

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THE SURVEY
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OCTOBER 1, 1928

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No. 1

Rank and File of the Air

By McALISTER COLEMAN

"ARE you a red-blooded, he-man American, eager for adventure? Then your game is aviation. Learn to fly. The opportunity for a thrilling life was never so great."

And what a shock is coming to the red-blooded one when he sends in that coupon today in answer to this typical advertisement in one of the fast-growing brood of aeroplane magazines! He may later find, for example, this announcement of a course in aeronautics in the University of Michigan:

"The mathematical theory of aerofoils. Lectures and recitations. Advanced study of the Joukovsky, von Mises and Witosznski theory of wing profiles and the Brandt theory of the induced drag, preceded by a brief review of the fundamentals of the mathematical theory of Hydrodynamics."

It is then that our he-man suddenly realizes that eagerness for adventure is not enough, and that there is considerably more to modern flying than just shouting "contact" and going off in a ship.

In fact the leaders of the industry today are a bit tired of this "red-blooded" stuff. They want it understood that theirs is an industry calling for real brains and that mere adventurers are not wanted.

This is not to say that the making of commercial airplanes has become standardized to the extent that there is no longer any "kick" to it.

"To me this is the most fascinating business in the world," said an airplane engineer to the writer the other day. "You see it is still a pioneering proposition. Anything may turn up. We have a personal interest in every ship we send out from the factory, and you may be sure we follow the history of each product with the greatest eagerness. While we have straight-line production and the same general sort of manufacture as has the automobile maker, we are not yet in the stage where we can be indifferent to the performance of the various ships. They are carrying our reputation for careful workmanship with them and wherever they are we keep close track of them."

A pioneering proposition and yet, within the course of a few short years, come to a wonderful maturity—this making airplanes. Almost overnight, as the history of industry goes, we have in this country manufacturing projects that call for the highest skill and the best engineering knowledge. There is, in the making of planes, the same careful planning and organization that has given us world-leadership in the mass production of almost everything from breakfast food to building materials.

It is never safe to quote figures when writing of flying. They have a way of shifting before the typewriter keys cool off. But the official year-book of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce lists some thirty-eight factories as being in operation in 1927, and while some of them may have failed between this writing and the time The Survey reaches you, it is pretty safe to say that the majority of them are doing business on a large scale.

WHAT does it mean to Farmer Brown of Two Corners, Iowa, to Green Village on the Salt Lake-Los Angeles air route, to you and me, that man has learned to fly? In this group of three articles, The Survey goes behind the headlines, shrieking of air adventure, of dizzy "stunts" and sickening disaster, to look at modern aviation as it applies to the needs and uses of everyday life. Here is the gigantic young industry of airplane manufacture, drawing on existing industries from textiles to electricity, calling for pioneers on industrial jobs "too busy for monotony." Here are the demands which air passengers and air mail, air express and freight, make on communities for terminal facilities—the whole question of where flying comes to earth. Finally, here is the story of how, in a vast and thinly populated region, doctors and nurses reach remote and scattered ranchers and settlements in time of sickness or disaster through an organized medical service by airplane.

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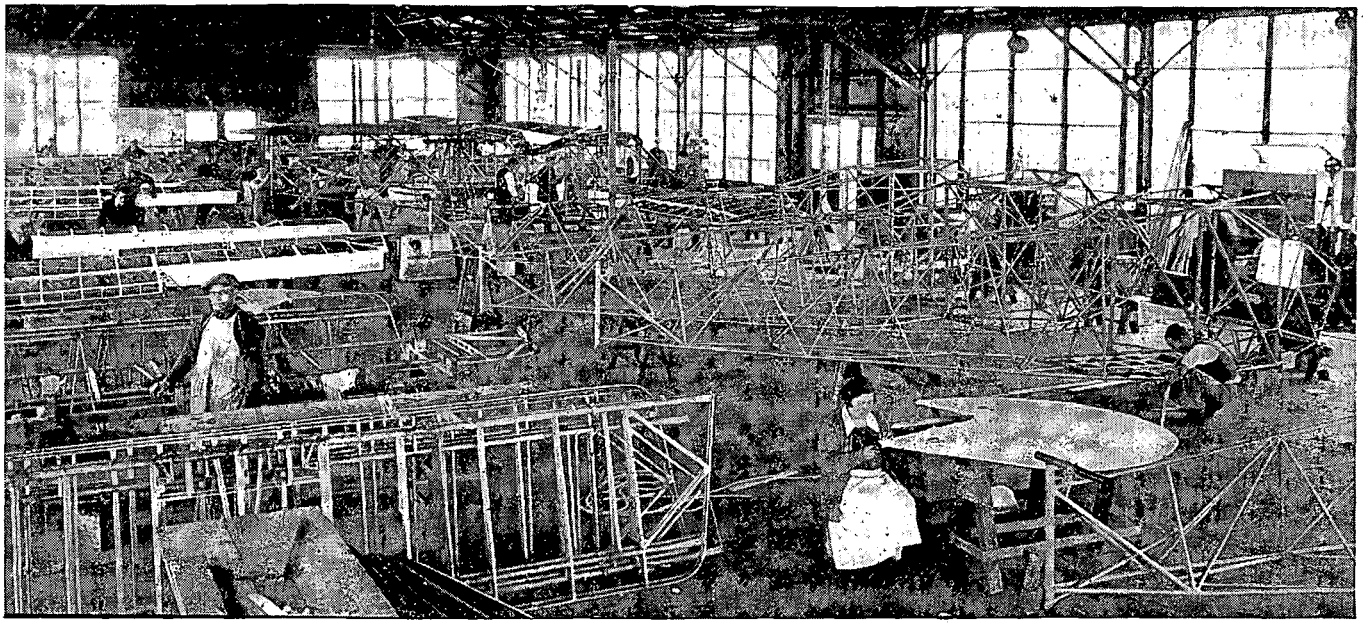

Courtesy Fairchild Aviation Corp'n., New York

A section of an assembly plant. "Some 400 people, following 21 trades, spend 18,000 man-hours to make a big three-motor ship . . . . They have come, these men and women, from occupations no more romantic than plumbing and dressmaking."

I was amused, on returning from a recent trip through the Middle West, to find supposedly sophisticated New Yorkers craning their necks to watch a plane in flight. I had been in Wichita, Kansas, where the youngest inhabitant took a plane as much for granted as those of us who first saw the light of day around the eighties took a horse and buggy. Wichita calls itself The Air Capital, and an editorial in The Southwest Air News thus lyricizes that title:

And to date none have questioned the standing of Wichita, where a general, well-rounded development of the aviation industry is concerned—airplane factories, motor factories, accessory factories, flying schools, engineering schools, repair depots—is there anything Wichita doesn't have? Wichita would be justified in forming an admiration society—merchants and business men and those engaged in the aviation industry—for one another. For they have certainly stuck together and helped each other. And that is the secret of Wichita's success, for airplane factories and other arms of the industry don't just grow on trees. And back in the days when Wichita was getting her start, it took confidence and foresight on the part of manufacturers and designers with ability. But they all had faith. And now look!

IF you are not "air-minded" after a few days in Wichita, or any other hustling mid-west town where, in some factories, they are turning out as high as twenty planes a week, it is certainly not the fault of the newspaper writers or the sign-painters. Flying is shouted at you from every billboard, and most of the available part of the sky. There may have been something of the booster spirit in the remark made to me by a Wichitan factory manager to the effect that the greatest problem which the industry had to face was that of "traffic congestion." As yet no aerial traffic cops are wielding stop-and-go signs above the cornfields of Kansas, but you may be certain that there are plenty of planes in the skies thereabouts. They had struck oil on the outskirts of Wichita when I was there, and a party of prospectors hopped aboard a Travel Air plane and went off to Tulsa, Oklahoma, to a luncheon conference as casually as you and I would hop a street-car.

If the traffic problem has not yet become a pressing one for the industry to solve, the pioneering work of distribution is certainly an interesting job. The matter of advertising, for example. So far the Ford Company is practically the only one to do much national magazine advertising. The anonymous genius who writes this copy is devoting most of his space to creating public confidence in the safety of air transport, and is turning out the highest type of air literature. In the trade papers, the industry takes its maturity so much for granted that it actually becomes sentimental over the performance of its ships. Take this piece of Travel Air copy, for example:

OLD NUMBER ONE
COMES HOME TO STAY

Old Travel Air No. 1 has had an interesting career. Bought in 1924 by O. E. Scott of St. Louis, its first trip was a call on Henry Ford. It was the first new production job Lindbergh ever flew. It has felt the hands of the great and near great at its controls. In it many prominent bankers, financiers and business men have flown. In it Nussinger and Ruth Elder have made more than one trip. And after having been all over the country on various missions it has at last come home to rest with the honor and sentiment that is its due.

This old ship has had 1750 hours in the air with no replacement. It is still airworthy—still trim. It doesn't look out of place among the latest Travel Air ships staked out along the line at the factory.

A great direct-by-mail campaign is now being waged by all the factories. On the desks of every prominent business official these days are circulars urging him to do his travel by air. The letter-boxes of sportsmen are cluttered with mailing pieces extolling the thrills and emphasizing the safety of air transport.

The reporting of air news is fast becoming a major function of every progressive newspaper. To be sure, a great amount of this comes under the head of what Silas Bent aptly calls "ballyhoo," but apparently the public loves its ballyhoo, and refuses to be fed up on tales of the bird men. Russell Owen, of the New York Times, has the credit of blazing new trails in aerial reporting. His copy is singularly

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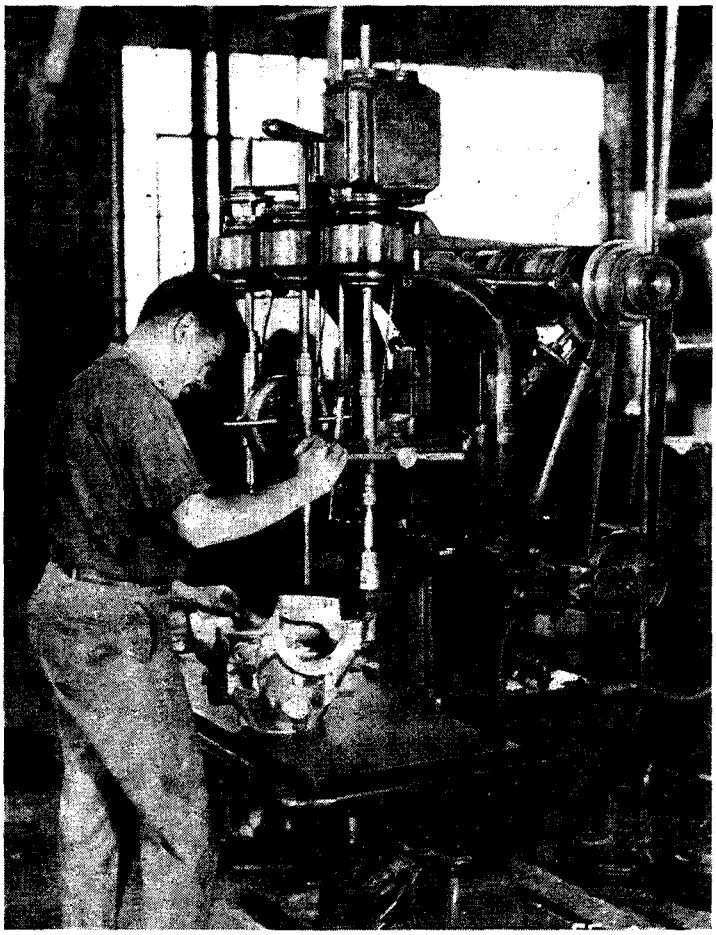
free from bunk, and sets standards which I believe will be followed in the future by other reporters.

But who supplies the actual products for which these salesmen and advertising writers must find a market? From what walks of life come the men and women who with labor of hand and brain make the thousands of commercial planes that are on the job today? Figure that some four hundred people, following twenty-one different trades, spend eighteen thousand man-hours to make a big three-motor ship, using materials whose cost runs close to thirteen thousand dollars, and you get some idea of the great diversity in the personnel of a modern airplane factory. They have come, these men and women, from occupations no more romantic than plumbing and dressmaking. It may be that in the beginning many of them were attracted to the industry by its novelty. It is certain that they remain in it because of the high pay and good working conditions which prevail in practically every large airplane plant.

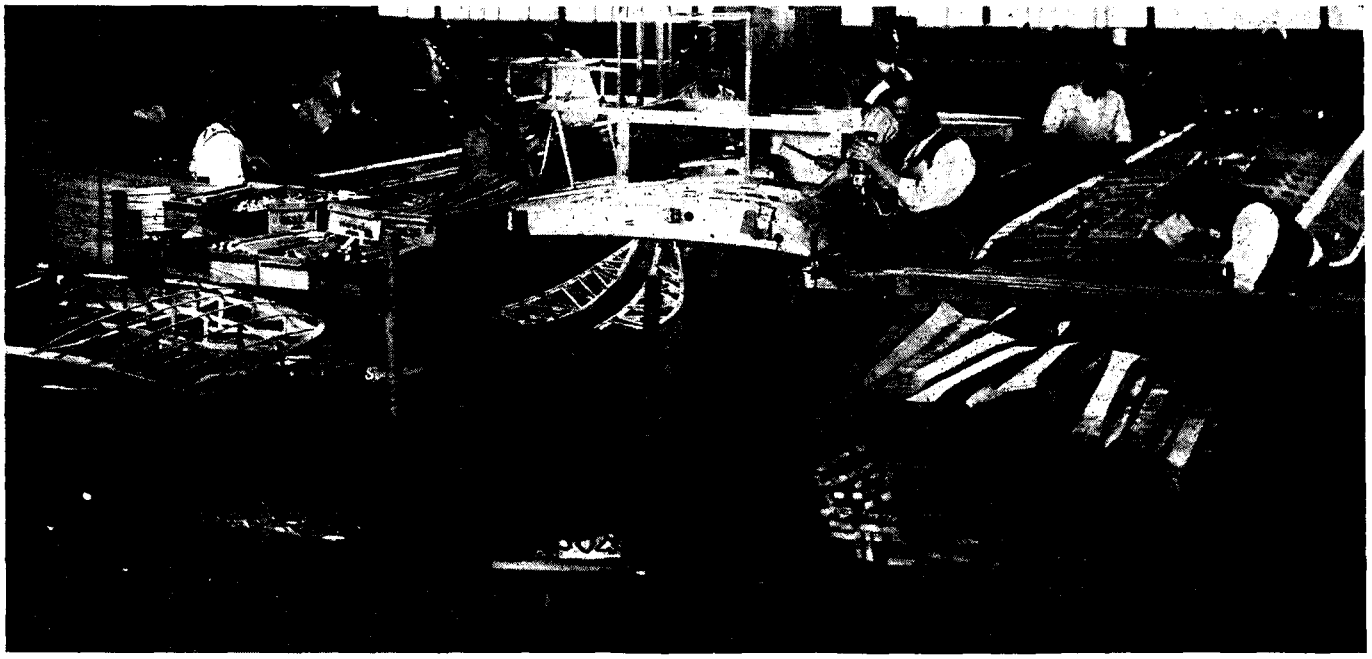


Courtesy Fairchild Aviation Corp'n., New York

Drilling the cam cases for a Caminez engine. "There are so many problems jamming the front door of every airplane factory no one inside has time to worry about monotony."

Then too, like our engineering friend who is quoted above, they have caught something of the feeling of the "flying kick." In the large Keystone factory at Bristol, Pennsylvania, when a plane leaves the assembly line and takes off on its initial hop, the whole works—from the goggled welders to the men in the "dopeing" room—knock off, to wish the ship good luck, and watch it zoom away across the blue river at the factory's door. Chief Engineer Roloson of Keystone tells me that he gets more than fifty letters a week, the great majority of them from young men, applying for jobs in his plant, and he feels that this is the customary experience of an airplane executive. But when it comes to actually picking the personnel, none but good craftsmen need apply.

Out of the automobile industry come painters who work in the finishing rooms, and cabinet-makers and body-builders. From furniture factories and phonograph concerns come carpenters who have done high-grade inside finishing work. From furniture factories, too, come planing-mill experts, and those who can perform with a file



© Aero Digest, New York

The wing-assembly department of the Glenn L. Martin factory. "While the wood is concealed by the wings, the whole wood-working job . . . is one to make the mouth of a veteran cabinet worker water with envy."

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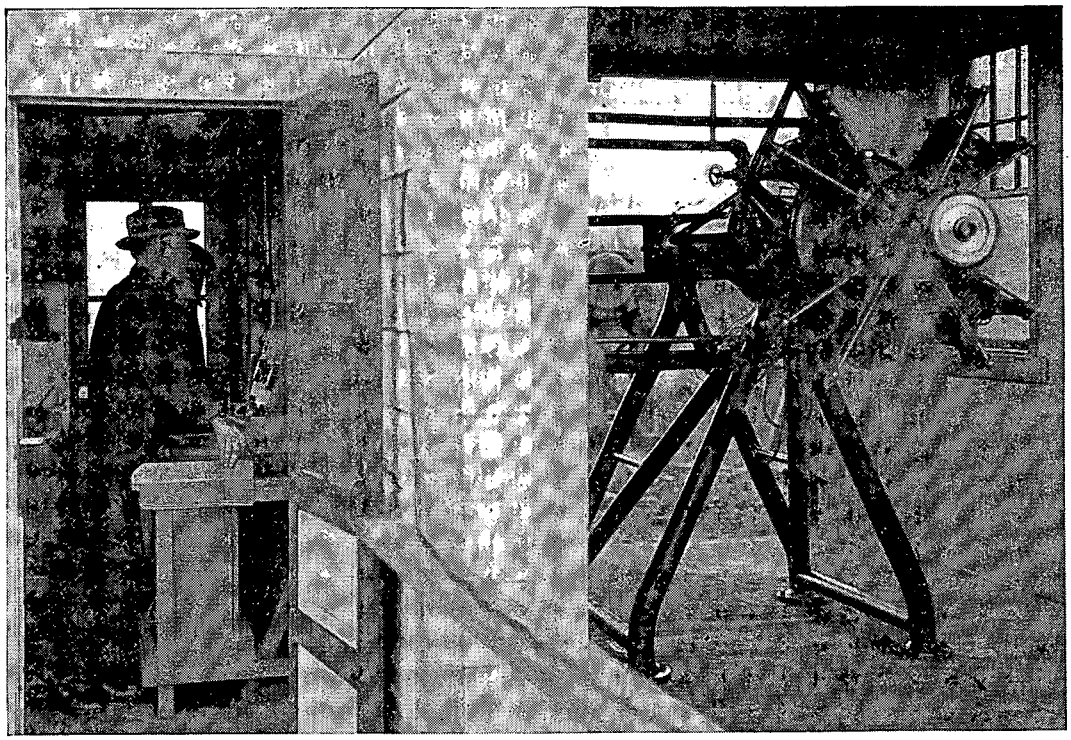

Courtesy Fairchild Aviation Corp'n., New York

"Engines . . . are subjected to every test they have to meet in actual flying conditions."

with a skill which opens your eyes as you watch them.

In large, light rooms, men with sputtering blue torches do the delicate job of welding the steel fuselage. Delicate, because, like everything that goes into a ship, the material must combine lightness and strength. These welders are specialists—one devoting his entire attention to the welding of copper, brass, and aluminum, another to steel and cast iron. Under your eyes the fuselage takes shape and then, after thorough inspection, moves on for the mounting of the engine. Now the tinsmiths and coppersmiths, and those who work with dies and whittle out fittings from sheet metal, have done their job, and there descend on the skeleton fuselage the men of the wood-working crew. All the wood that is used in the Keystone factory comes from the forests of the state of Washington, and it must be good wood indeed to meet the approval of the young college-bred inspectors, who see that it is clear and straight-grained with never a knot or blemish. It is planed with almost loving care, so that it soon takes on a close to feathery lightness. While the wood is concealed by the wings, the whole wood-working job, consisting as it does of very precise operations, is one to make the mouth of a veteran cabinet worker water with envy.

THEN enter the seamstresses and sewing-machine operators, to turn out the fabric which is to be tightly stretched across the wing structure. When the wings leave the "dopeing" room to take their place on the assembly line, they give out a drum-like sound at the touch of your knuckles.

The painting of an airplane is no surface job. Fuselages and wings are rubbed down and sized, and then they go under the spray gun for several coats of paint.

The best brained of all this collection of talent are the test pilots, who take up the finished ship after it has passed a series of half-a-dozen inspections. Of the manual workers, the field mechanics who assist the pilots are the best paid, and pridefully carry licenses issued by the Department of Commerce. For these days a field mechanic as well as the pilot must have the scrap of government paper as proof of his experience and training.

Airplane men will frown at you if you confuse a test pilot with an ordinary flyer. The former earns something like seven thousand dollars a year, whereas the ordinary flyer is doing well if he makes four hundred dollars a month. A test pilot must have not only what is called "bird sense," but he must be a bit of an engineer as well, so that when he brings the ship down from her first flight, he can tell you what, if anything, seems wrong about her, how she takes her gliding angles, what her spinning properties are, and her latitudinal and longitudinal stability.

And now you see that's not the sort of thing that you can very well learn by mail.

In fact, it's the problem of getting trained men that bothers the leaders of the industry today. The combination of "bird sense" and engineering ability is not found in every one who takes to the air these days. I have been told that there are only about ten outstanding American pilots who have this "bird sense" which will some day be a part of the modern man's equipment. By "bird sense" I mean that nice feeling for direction and flying technique, such as characterizes men like Chamberlin and Lindbergh. While courses in aviation engineering are being offered by some fifteen colleges and universities, they are not turning out graduates fast enough to meet the ever-increasing demand for skilled personnel. The Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics is doing yeoman's work in making the country "air-minded." Because of this fund, it is estimated that some thirty million Americans had a look at Lindbergh—that is, at as much of him as was visible through the high hats of officials and flying ticker-tape. And 1927, "the big air year," saw a general enthusiasm for flying which will probably never be matched again in just such a manner.

In spite of all this, the men who want to see the industry stabilized and made self-sustaining do not see much hope of developing real air men from this present generation of college students. They look rather to the boys who are just now entering highschool for future recruits. The ten-year-old son of a prominent aeronautical engineer, who has had many hours in the air, knows as much, if not more, about flying, as many a "hack pilot" who is taking up passengers every day. He can show to visitors the fine points of a brand-new three-motored transport, which will carry twenty-one passengers, and (*Continued on page* 50)

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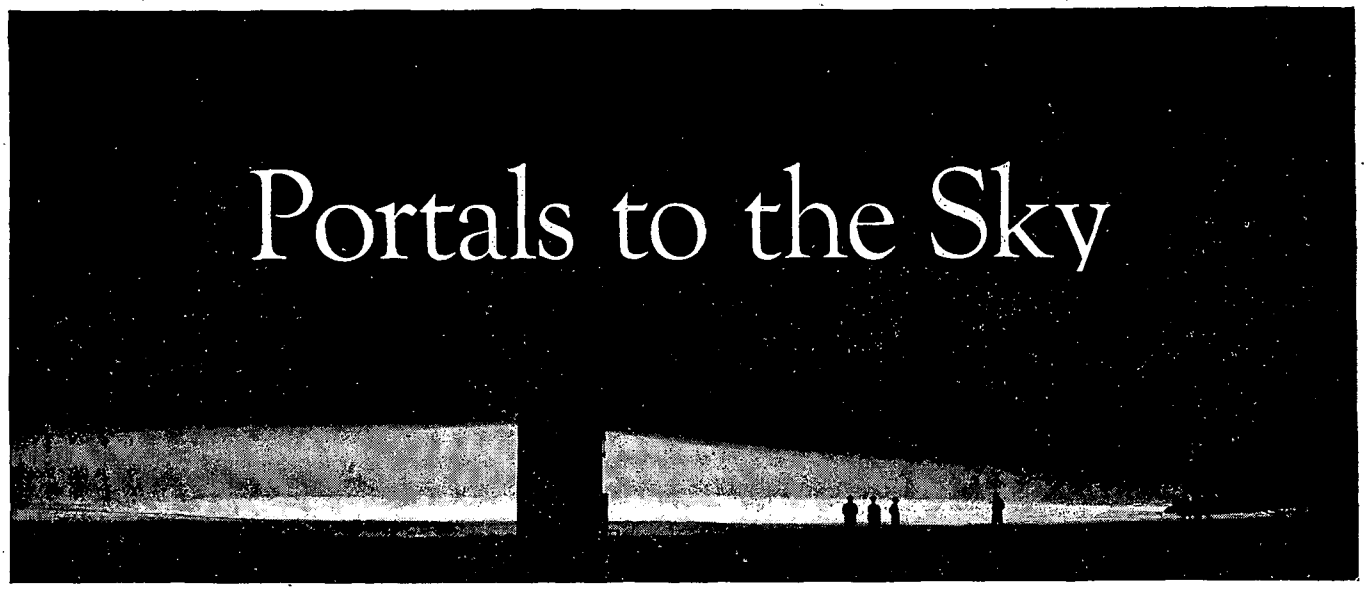
Portals to the Sky



© Wide World Photos

By RAYMOND A. O'HARA

RAIL and highway transportation are confined in a broad sense to one dimension, along the line of the rails or the road; water transportation operates, generally speaking, in two dimensions, the plane of the navigable body of water; but air transportation has a sphere of operation in three dimensions—space. The domain of aircraft being limited only by man's mechanical ability and his endurance, the airports, or places of beginning and ending air journeys, may truly be called portals to the sky.

Railroad and dock stations are to most people simply places to get on or off trains and boats. But the requirements of transportation demand elaborate equipment and personnel hardly known to the average person, at these centers of arrival and departure. Similarly the airport is more than a landing field. In addition to facilities for receiving and discharging passengers or cargo by air, it must be equipped to shelter, supply and repair aircraft, to guide planes safely to earth in darkness and storm, to supply weather reports to flyers, to sort and stamp air mail, to give rest and food to weary pilots and mechanics, and to meet sudden emergencies of fire and accident.

Transportation and progress have gone hand-in-hand. Wherever man has pushed out lines of communication, he has opened up new fields of development. Cities have sprung up around railroad terminals or good harbors, each of which required a favorable approach, and it has often proved expensive to make these approaches suitable. Approaches by air to populous centers are free to all, calling for none of those elaborate improvements which are necessary for water and rail terminals, but the airport is essential. Not all cities can offer flyers an ideal airport, but every fair-sized community must prepare as well as it can for air traffic. Those cities which have the foresight to make such provision now will far outstrip their less diligent neighbors. The spirit of the times has been to forsake the slower vehicle for the one of greater speed. Who can doubt that within the next generation flying will be as common as motoring today?

It is to the advantage of every progressive community to give immediate attention to its airport needs and possibilities. Does the community now require an airport? Will it ever need one? What are the advantages of an airport? Can the community afford to be without an airport? These and many other questions must be answered satisfactorily before definite plans can be made. There are some port cities which lament their failure to plan for the handling of rail and water traffic, and there are some communities which lost their opportunities to make the best use of the advent of the railroad. Many cities, towns and villages are, today, wrestling with automobile traffic problems. Those who planned cities, or failed to plan, have been criticized, justly or unjustly, by their descendants in a later day and age, but there are evidences of intelligent planning which has stood the test of time and provided for greater burdens than were originally expected or even dreamed of. That the airplane is becoming an important factor in transportation is indicated by the production of planes which increased about 200 per cent between 1919 and 1927, or from 662 to 1,995. On July 15, 1928, there were 4,670 airplanes licensed, identified or with temporary numbers. Contrasting this with the automobile, there were 300 registered in the United States in 1895, 7,800 in 1905, and over 22,000,000 in 1928. A significant factor has been the increase in mileage of air-mail routes from 218 in 1918, with two station stops, to 10,816 on July 15, 1928, with seventy-two stops. On the latter date there were in the United States over 1,300 existing airports, including 350 municipal fields, and there were over 660 proposed.

THE following tabulation gives some idea of passenger air travel in the United States, and shows the number of passengers carried during 1927 on the major air routes:

San Francisco-Chicago	779
Dallas-Chicago	549
New York-Boston	516
Los Angeles-Salt Lake City	400
Los Angeles-Seattle	1,252
Chicago-Minneapolis-St. Paul	286
Detroit-Cleveland	1,975

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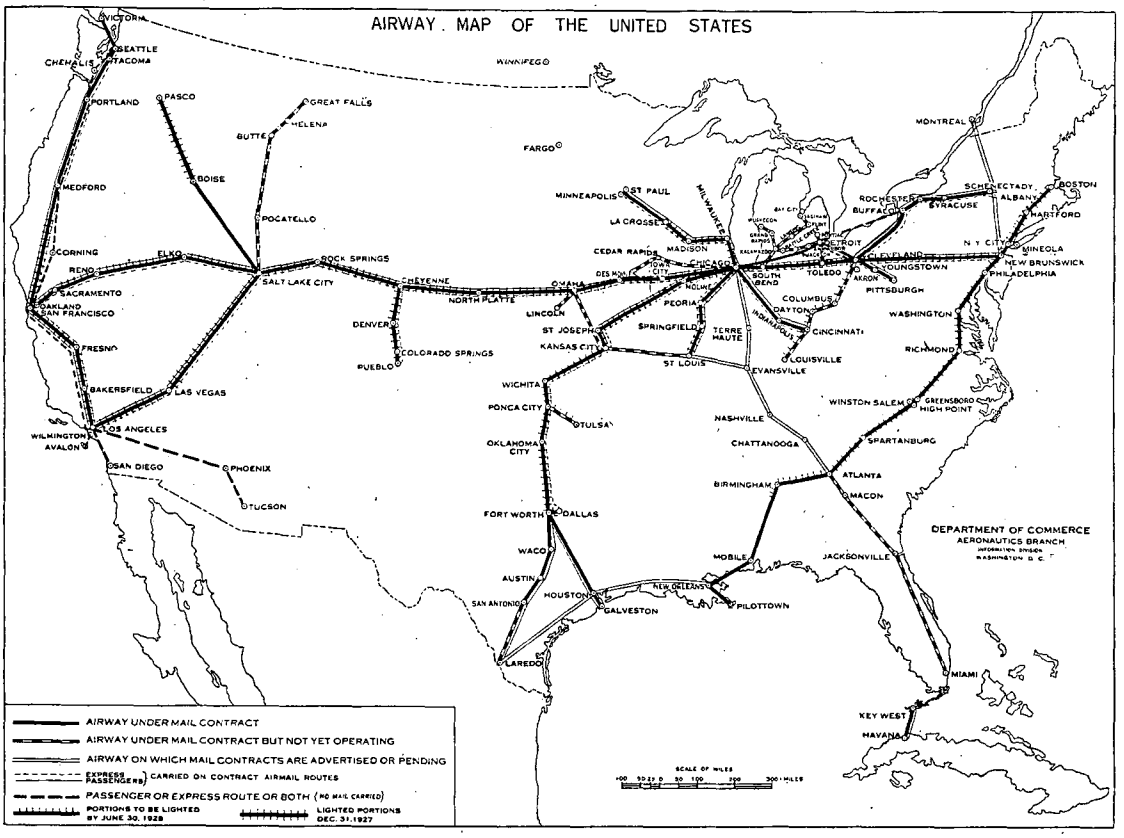

"Not all cities can offer an ideal airport, but every fair-sized community must prepare as well as it can for air-traffic."

During 1927, fourteen air lines carried 36,818 passengers 500,000 airplane miles, and 1,654,165 pounds of mail were carried on the air-mail routes with an income to air-mail operators of $2,643,454.

The modern airport, which consists of a large open field and a group of buildings, is a busy place. Planes arrive, discharge passengers, mail and express matter; mail bags and express parcels are placed on waiting trucks; each plane is taxied to the hangar, the engine is shut off; the pilot removing his goggles and unhooking his parachute, climbs down from his ship. After the plane has been moved into the hangar it is carefully inspected by skilled mechanics, repaired if necessary, refueled and made ready for its next trip. Other planes reverse the process, taking on passengers, mail and express matter, taxiing to a favorable position on the field and taking off into the direction of the wind. A crowd of spectators, many of whom have come by automobile, watch these fascinating proceedings. The weather observer, a busy and important adjunct to the airport, takes and records the readings of the thermometers, barometer, wind direction and velocity, clouds and visibility. He sends up a hydrogen toy balloon, and by means of a time clock and a theodolite takes observations on the location of the balloon at one-minute intervals. This enables him to determine the velocity of the wind at various elevations above the earth's surface. All weather reports and observations made at this station, and those received by radio from other stations, are posted on bulletin boards. The airport's post-office is as busy and as completely equipped as the office in a growing little city.

At night the airport is like a startling modern stage-setting, with its many sharp lights. Each light has its own meaning and important use. There are the white boundary lights marking the limits of the field, green lights marking the runways, red warning lights on obstructions — such as tops of towers, telegraph poles or buildings. The rotating beacon, operated from sunset to sunrise, points its finger of light into the sky as a guide to the pilot. The flood-lights give an even distribution of light over the field, enabling the pilot to select his landing place, and the illuminated wind-direction indicator gives him the best direction for landing. The apparent ease with which the pilot makes a night landing is remarkable. All the airport lights are turned on shortly before the plane is expected. The drone of the motor is heard in the distance, and soon, out of the darkness, the green and red lights—marking respectively the right and left wing tips—and the white tail light, become visible. These three lights approach the field, pass over the wind-direction cone, and move to a position pointing into the wind. A small pencil of light shoots downward from the plane to the field. Out of the darkness, and into the illuminated zone of the flood-lights, comes the plane. Gracefully it swoops down to the field and the "hop" is ended.

There are certain minimum basic requirements which all airports must have. The landing field must be firm, approximately level, well drained, without obstructions or depressions which are hazardous in landing or taking off; or at least two runways, five hundred or more feet wide, crossing or converging at an angle not less than sixty degrees. If the sod is not sufficiently firm the landing strips must be constructed of cinders, slag or broken stone. The slope of the field or the landing strips should not exceed 2½ per cent, nor the mean slope of the surface 2 per cent.

BUILDINGS, trees, towers and any other obstructions on or adjacent to the landing field diminish the effective area of the field by seven times the height of the object. That is, if a flyer in making a landing must pass over and just clear a house 30 feet high, his plane will not touch the field until it is 210 feet from the house. Reversing the process, in order to clear the building on the take-off, the plane (normally rising one foot in height for each seven feet it travels in a horizontal direction) would have to leave the field 210 feet or more from the building in order to clear it.

The airport should be located on a good highway leading to the nearest town or village. Mail and express matter must be trucked to and from the airport, and passengers must be carried by bus or auto. An approved type of wind-

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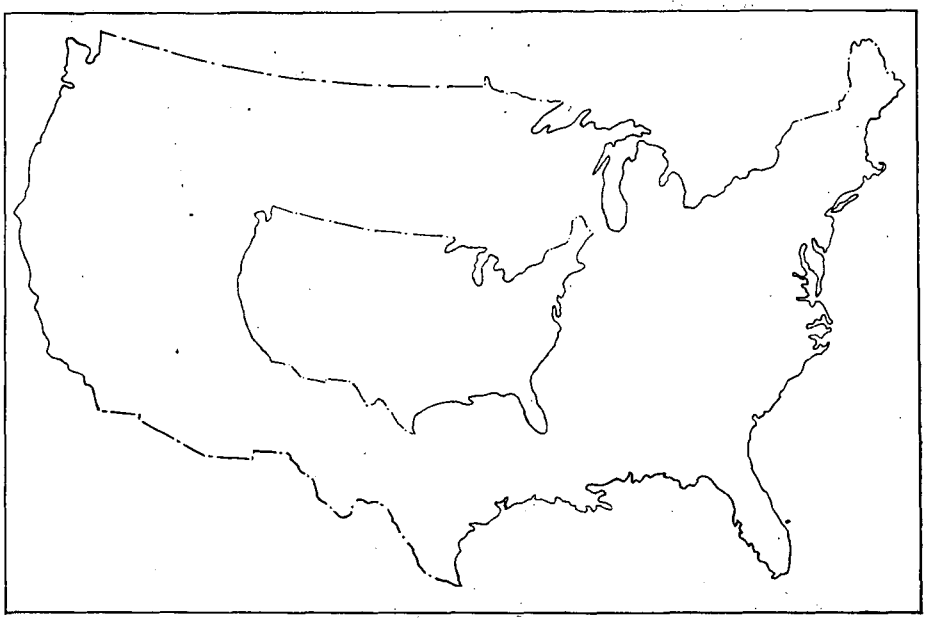
direction indicator should be located on the top of a building or hangar.

The airport should be marked by a circle at least 100 feet in diameter, having a band 4 feet wide around the circumference. This should be constructed of cinders, gravel or crushed rock, flush with the ground and whitewashed. The name of the city should be indicated near the circle or upon an airport building, the letters readable at a height of 2,000 feet. Where runways and landing strips are not apparent at an altitude of 2,000 feet, they should be marked along the borders with four-foot white circles constructed of gravel or crushed rock not more than 25 feet apart.

Runways, which are the artificially constructed section of the landing strip, should be not less than 100 feet wide, the edges flush with the rest of the landing strip, and the shoulders of the runway constructed of some porous material such as crushed rock or gravel. Runways and field must be adequately drained.



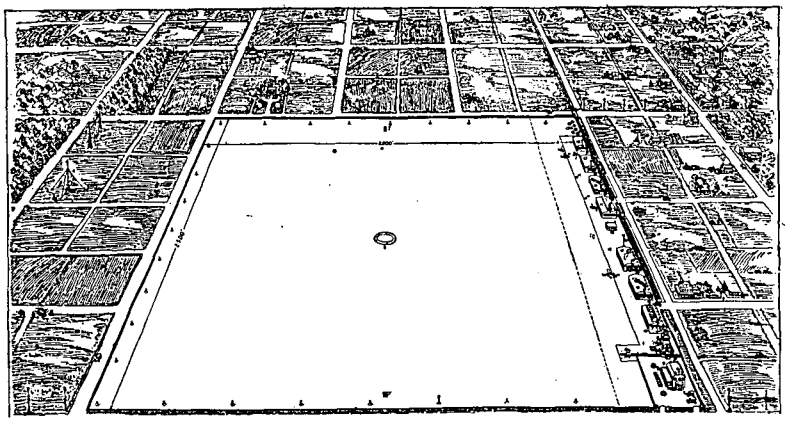
The relative size of this country by railroad time and airmail time, showing how the airways foreshorten the United States

The airport must be equipped to supply planes with fuel, oil and water. Communication and transportation facilities to the nearest city or town are necessary. Airport personnel must constantly be in attendance, or available on call by telephone at the airport.

THE secretary of commerce, under provision of Section 3 (d) of the Air Commerce Act, will rate existing airports upon application by owners. Ratings are indicated by a letter, a figure, and a letter. The first letter indicates general facilities and equipment, and the range is from A to D; the number indicates the landing area and ranges from 1 to 5 and 0, and the remaining letter indicates night-flying equipment with a range from A to D and X. The highest rating is A1A.

In addition to the basic requirements, there are other facilities with which the field must be equipped to receive an "A" rating. These include one or more hangars 80 by 100 feet, with 18-foot clearance, heated sufficiently to prevent freezing of water; repair equipment; weather instruments and information posted; equipment for removing snow; first-aid equipment; a register of arriving and departing aircraft; fire-fighting equipment; sleeping quarters, waiting- and rest-rooms; a restaurant or public source of food supply. To receive a "B" rating, the field must have one or more hangars, at least 60 by 100 feet, with 14-foot clearance, and heating provisions as required in "A" rating, and also all of the other requirements of an "A" rating except the waiting-room and the restaurant. To receive a "C" rating, the airport must have one or more hangars 50 by 60 feet, with 12-foot clearance and with means of heating as required for an "A" rating, and also those required in an "A" rating as regards first aid and equipment, fire-fighting equipment, a register and a rest-room. A field will receive a "D" rating if it meets with the basic requirements but does not meet with the requirements of an "A", "B" or "C" rated airport.

The ratings of airports in regard to size are from "1" to "5" and "0", the latter being considered unsafe for the operation of aircraft. The size ratings "1" to "4" are 2,500 feet, 2,000 feet, 1,600 feet and 1,320 feet, respectively, of landing area in all directions, with clear approaches. It is possible to receive these ratings by substituting landing strips 500 feet in width, provided landings are permitted in four or eight directions with certain requirements as to converging or increase in length of runways. A "5" rating is given to a field not having the minimum dimensions as required for a "4" rating, but considered safe for the use to which it is put. The above lengths are for fields at sea level, and increase as the altitude of the field increases.



Department of Commerce, Aeronautics Branch

All-way airport, rated A1A according to the airport rating regulations of the Department of Commerce

As between an all-way field, a two-way and a four-way field, the pilot, who flies in all kinds of weather, day and night, prefers the first. In fact, a representative of a company operating an important air-mail route said that runways were "not in the company's dictionary." Where they had tried to use a field with runways, planes had been seriously damaged, especially when the field was covered with a light snow.

On night flying facilities, the ratings are from

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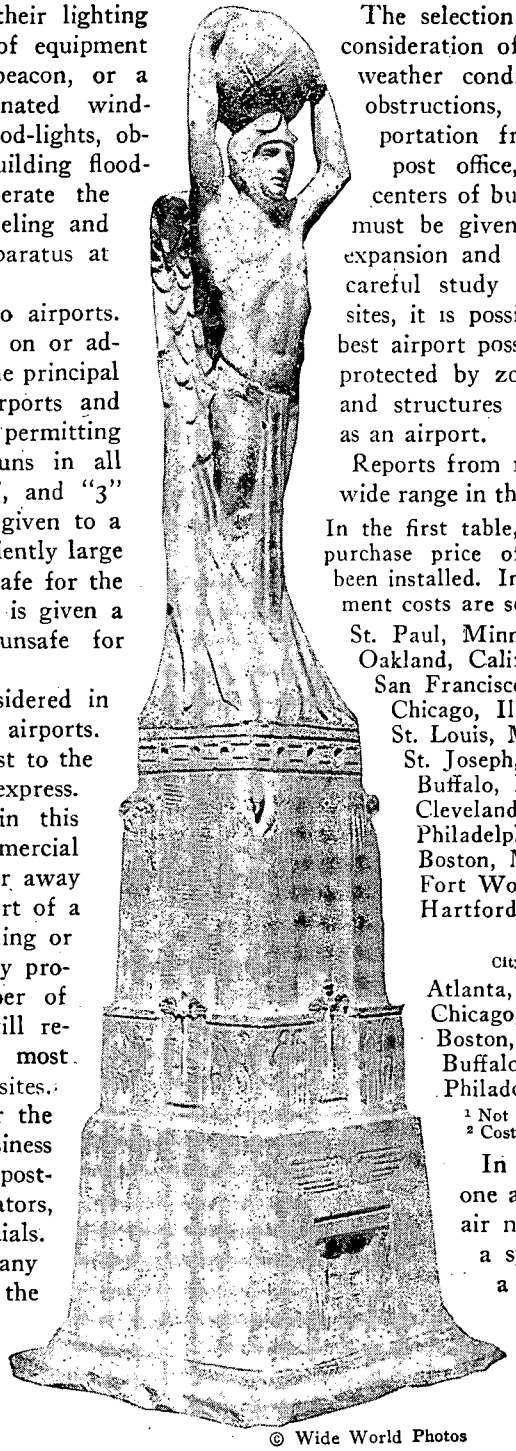
"A" to "D" and "X", according to their lighting equipment. The class and character of equipment required includes a flashing airport beacon, or a 24-inch rotating beacon, an illuminated wind-direction indicator, boundary lights, flood-lights, obstruction light, a ceiling projector, building flood-lights, and sufficient personnel to operate the lighting equipment, to take care of fueling and repairs and to operate fire-fighting apparatus at all times.

Seaplane ports are rated similarly to airports. The seaplane port is of course located on or adjacent to a body of water, and one of the principal differences between the ratings of airports and seaplane ports is in size, the latter permitting 4,000, 3,500 foot and 3,000 foot runs in all directions on the water for "1", "2", and "3" ratings, respectively. A "4" rating is given to a seaplane port which, although not sufficiently large to receive a "3" rating, is considered safe for the use to which it is put. A zero rating is given a seaplane port which is considered unsafe for operation.

A number of factors must be considered in selecting an airport site, or a system of airports. The best site is the one which is nearest to the source of traffic—passenger, mail and express. At the present time we have not in this country reached a stage in our commercial aviation where it is economical to clear away an intensively built-up area in the heart of a city to provide an airport. In rebuilding or relocating railroad terminals, this costly program has been necessary in a number of American cities. Fortunately there still remain sufficient open areas, close to most populous areas, affording good airport sites. In selecting an airport, it is well for the community to seek the advice of business men, engineers, the city planner, the post-office department, air transport operators, the weather man, pilots and city officials. This may appear to be a great many viewpoints, but each is important in the choice of an airport. The group may not be unanimous in its advice, but it can probably agree on the best site, by giving due weight to each opinion.



© Wide World Photos

Second only to the Statue of Liberty in size, the proposed monument commemorating the start of the round-the-world flight from Clover Field, Santa Monica, California, will be surmounted by the 108-foot figure of a birdman upholding a great beacon, visible far over land and sea

Having decided on the size of the site, the next step is to select a number of areas that are available. As the saving in time over other means of travel is an important incentive to the use of air transport, sites which are at great distances from the center of the city are at a disadvantage. If a plane travels between two airports, one hundred miles apart, in an hour, and it takes another hour to travel from the airport to the business district, the time saved by air travel is lost after reaching the landing field. It is reasonable, although arbitrary, to exclude from consideration all sites which are more than 45 minutes by motor vehicle or rail from the center of the city, and it might be more advantageous to set the time limit at 30 minues.

The selection of the most desirable site involves consideration of cost of land, cost of improvement, weather conditions, presence of fog and smoke, obstructions, means of communication and transportation from center of city, distances from post office, railroad and bus terminals, and centers of business and population. Due attention must be given to the city plan, the plan for its expansion and the change in the city's texture. By careful study of the relative merits of available sites, it is possible to choose the one which has the best airport possibilities. The site should at once be protected by zoning from the erection of buildings and structures which will decrease its effectiveness as an airport.

Reports from representative American cities show a wide range in the amount of their airport investments: In the first table, the figures include the land value or purchase price of land, and whatever equipment has been installed. In the second table, land costs and equipment costs are segregated.

St. Paul, Minn.	$ 550,000
Oakland, Calif.	1,500,000
San Francisco, Calif.	1,000,000
Chicago, Ill.	1,850,000
St. Louis, Mo.	2,000,000
St. Joseph,, Mo.	200,000
Buffalo, N. Y.	650,000
Cleveland, O.	1,220,000
Philadelphia, Pa.	160,000
Boston, Mass.	1,075,000
Fort Worth, Tex.	175,000
Hartford, Conn.	155,000

City	Cost of Land	Cost of Equipment Exclusive of Lighting
Atlanta, Ga.	Donated	$ 25,000[1]
Chicago, Ill.	$1,735,000	115,000
Boston, Mass.	1,000,000	76,000
Buffalo, N. Y.	411,000	205,000[2]
Philadelphia, Pa.	125,000	15,000

[1] Not completed.
[2] Cost of lights included.

In the metropolitan areas of many cities, one airport may not be sufficient for future air needs. It may be necessary to provide a system of airports, or an airport with a series of landing fields connected by a belt-line service. There have been few, if any, instances where too great an area has been set aside for public purposes. It is undoubtedly wise for American communities today to be generous in making provision for air traffic. It would not be extravagant for many of our modern cities to set aside an area of one square mile, or 640 acres, for a main airport and provide several additional landing fields of 160 acres each, and a great many communities could with justification set aside a quarter of a square mile, or 160 acres, to take care of passenger, mail and express air service. If the site selected is a square mile, that part which is immediately needed may be developed and the balance left for future expansion, or part may be used for industries associated with aircraft. The sides of a square field of 160 acres are over 2,600 feet in length, so that with a field of this size it would be possible to receive a Class 1 rating on size.

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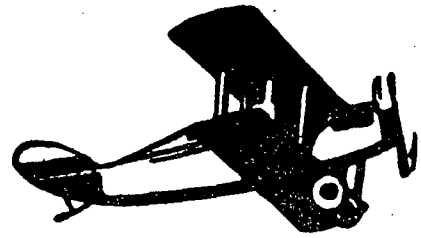
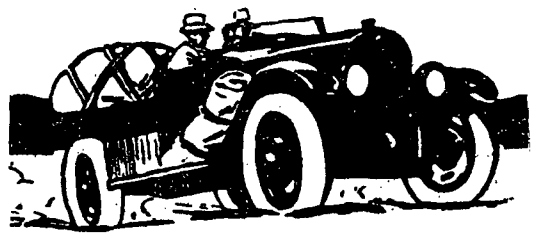
Flying Doctors



By ALICE HENRY

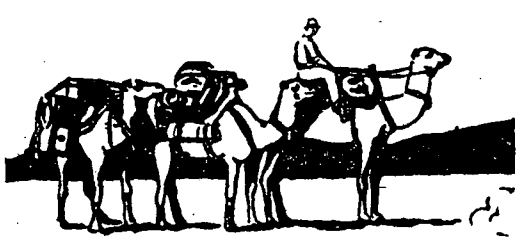
EVER since man learned to fly, an occasional doctor has sailed the air to attend a patient in some isolated region, perhaps a fisherman marooned on an island in Lake Superior or a hunter away north in Alaska. In time of large-scale disaster—such as the Mississippi flood and the Florida tornado—doctors, nurses and medical supplies have traveled by plane to serve wide areas.

But these all have been emergency calls. Now, in Australia's "Outback," a regular medical service by radio and airplane has been organized to provide against the ordinary illness and accident risks to which the pioneer, far away from community life, is exposed. This huge inland is mostly pastoral, and divided into large cattle and sheep ranches or stations, with several important mining areas. Beyond the narrow fringe along the coast, conditions of life are very primitive. In Australia's interior, doctors are scarce and nurses even scarcer.



For the last sixteen years, a home-mission group has tried to meet the needs of the scattered settlers for medical advice and nursing care, and has thereby made its name famous from one end of the country to the other.

The Australian Inland Mission, established in 1912 as a department of the Presbyterian Church, took for itself a field in which 200,000 white inhabitants are scattered over an area two-thirds the size of the United States. Railroads do not reach far into the inland yet, and over vast regions there are no roads. You may spin along for a hundred miles over an even, grassy plain, when all at once you have to find your way along a mere track, often deep in sand, or cobbly or rocky or, in wet weather, a muddy trench. In time of flood a normally narrow stream may be thirty miles wide. No gas-filling stations anywhere, and no garages. If you go out in a car, you must be your own mechanic. There are stretches of desert, especially after a sandstorm, which cannot be crossed until the vague track has been "matted." This means laying down about twenty inches of spinifex—a tall, wiry, grassy growth. This matting packs and lasts a long time. It is the road metal of the interior. Coir matting is also used to help drivers over sandy patches. You may travel hundreds of miles in some directions without passing through a settlement or being within reach of one by telegraph or 'phone.



The first superintendent of the Inland Mission, young John Flynn, had been a teacher in a one-room school in Victoria, where he was always baffling the inspector by finding new and unexpected ways of handling his program. When, later, he was putting himself through Ormond College in Melbourne as a theological student, he was asked to undertake some social work in a poor district. Presently he became so engrossed in case work that he was cutting his Hebrew classes, to the dismay of the professor. All Flynn had to say when reproved was, "Wait a bit!"

A few years later he was sent out by the church with a roving commission to do what he could in this huge, almost trackless parish. Here was ample scope for all his originality and vision. The phenomenal success of the mission is largely owing to his genius and enthusiasm, his high-hearted optimism and courage.

He camped and talked with migratory shearers and cattle drovers, stayed over night in little bush hotels, or in settlers' huts, visited the families of the boundary riders and well-sinkers, and of the men in the shifting railway-construction camps. He soon found that the greatest hardship the people of the "Never-Never" had to face was the absence of skilled help in time of sickness or accident. One woman told him of her baby, taken sick with the nearest doctor a hundred and fifty miles away. It was January—hot summer weather. A neighbor took the three of them, her husband, herself and the little child, to the doctor. The doctor was at home, and did his skilled best. But the slow, hot dusty journey had been too hard. The baby died within a few hours. The mother and father could only apply for a burial permit, and dig the tiny grave.

MR. FLYNN heard of men dying from accidental injuries or being crippled for life because there was no help promptly at hand. Babies came into the world unhelped or died in the coming, and all too often the mother died too. Many mothers suffered for years for want of attention in childbirth.

The young mission superintendent said to himself, "In Australian towns and farming districts the residents have every year more advantages and more luxuries. These men and women of the bush, giving their best to build up the nation, are as far away from the blessings of modern civilization as though they lived in the middle ages."

One of the first things John Flynn urged upon his board was the establishment of small nursing centers, in key places, beginning with two nurses, and adding a doctor as soon as possible. These women and men were to be at the call of a large district. Twelve such centers have been set up, as funds and local support have permitted. Some are quite

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A settler's first home in the Australian "Outback", built of corrugated iron and canvas, hundreds of miles from the accustomed blessings of modern civilization

small, others larger, but all up-to-date in construction and fittings. They are really cottage hospitals in embryo and will be fully staffed district hospitals some day. Nurses and doctors answer calls from great distances, and out-patients flock in. The bush people soon learn what helpful friends have come among them. The homes have likewise become social centers for travelers and mining prospectors. The friendly cup of tea is always ready. Books and magazines are there to read and take away.

GENERALLY the nurses have been sent out first and the home built afterwards, sometimes a long time afterwards. The nurses work under big handicaps. If the patient is in the men's quarters on a station, other men have to sleep there also, unless it is fine weather and they are willing to move out under the open sky. The men eat in the dining-shed, so there is no fireplace in the quarters where the nurse may prepare food for the sick man, and an alcohol lamp has its limitations. There are no stoves. Again and again nurses have had to make soup or sterilize instruments over a fire of sticks out-of-doors. All goes well till a stick breaks, when down goes the pan and a fresh start must be made. Often a sudden windstorm comes up, and the dust gets into everything. Inland nurses have to remember to order supplies four or five months in advance, for camels—much used for freight—cannot travel in wet weather, and delays must be allowed for. At times a nurse—busy with convalescent patients still in need of care and careful dieting—is called to another sick-bed. It is hard for her to know where she is most needed. Once a nursing home is established, cases can be taken care of with less effort and more benefit.

Even in a nursing home all one's wit and strength are needed. From Alice Springs, just in the center of the continent, Sister Pope writes:

> To be baker, cook, nurse, engineer and pleasant hostess is just a wee bit strenuous, and I'm looking forward to Sister Small's return, when I can contentedly take a little rest. A lad who usually looks after the engine for house-lighting has been away for a month, and during Sister's absence there have been two maternity cases, and five other patients. So I temporarily abandoned preparations for the fête. A little notice, however, had already appeared in the Presbyterian Messenger, and some parcels were on their way up from Adelaide. The residents took up the idea. The women folk have been meeting here every Thursday afternoon to sew. This is the only meeting in Alice Springs these days.

From comparative civilization at Alice Springs it is a far cry to the most distant A. I. M. center of all, at Victoria River Downs on the northern edge of the Northern Territory. Victoria River Downs is a cattle station of thirteen thousand square miles, the largest in Australia. It lies on a main stock route, so there is constant travel through it. But it is two hundred miles from Katherine, the closest settlement with telegraph and telephone, and four hundred miles from Darwin, on the coast, where the nearest doctor is located. Mails come every six weeks, and are three months old when they arrive. A few years ago a number of men were stricken with fever in this district and eleven died. Mission nurses were called for and no more lives were lost.

THAT same wet season a policeman, on his route seventy miles away, broke his leg. His friends set out to take him to the nurse. Two days of agonized jolting were all the

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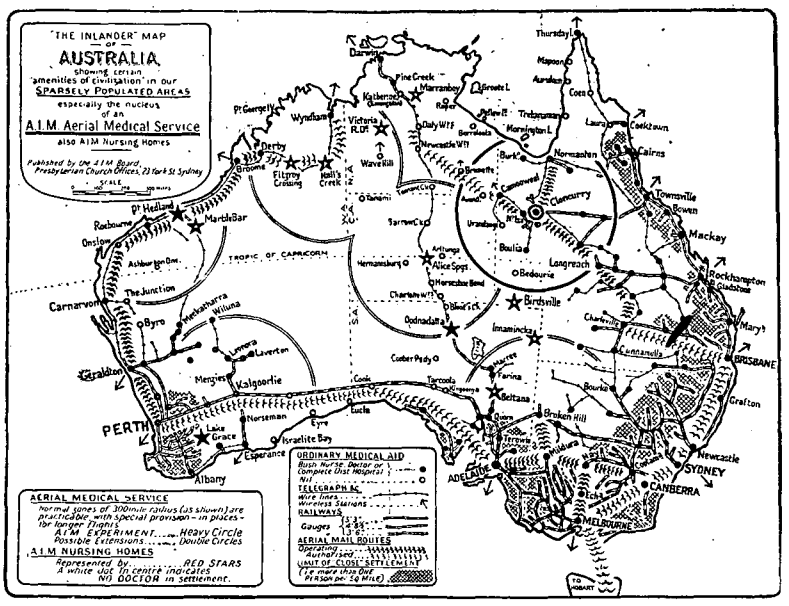
injured man could endure. His mate went on to Victoria Downs, and started back with the nurse. Torrents of rain fell. For three days the two of them watched the flooded Wickham River, then crossed in a boat, swimming their horses. The leg, ten days broken, was in a desperate state. But an anesthetic was given, the leg set, and in three months the man had wholly recovered.

On one occasion the station supplies were delayed and foodstuffs became quite scarce. The Sisters at first thought it strange when the men in the district seemed all at once shy of coming in. "We soon gathered the reason. The bushmen were afraid they might run us short, if they drank our tea and ate our scones. Poor fellows!"

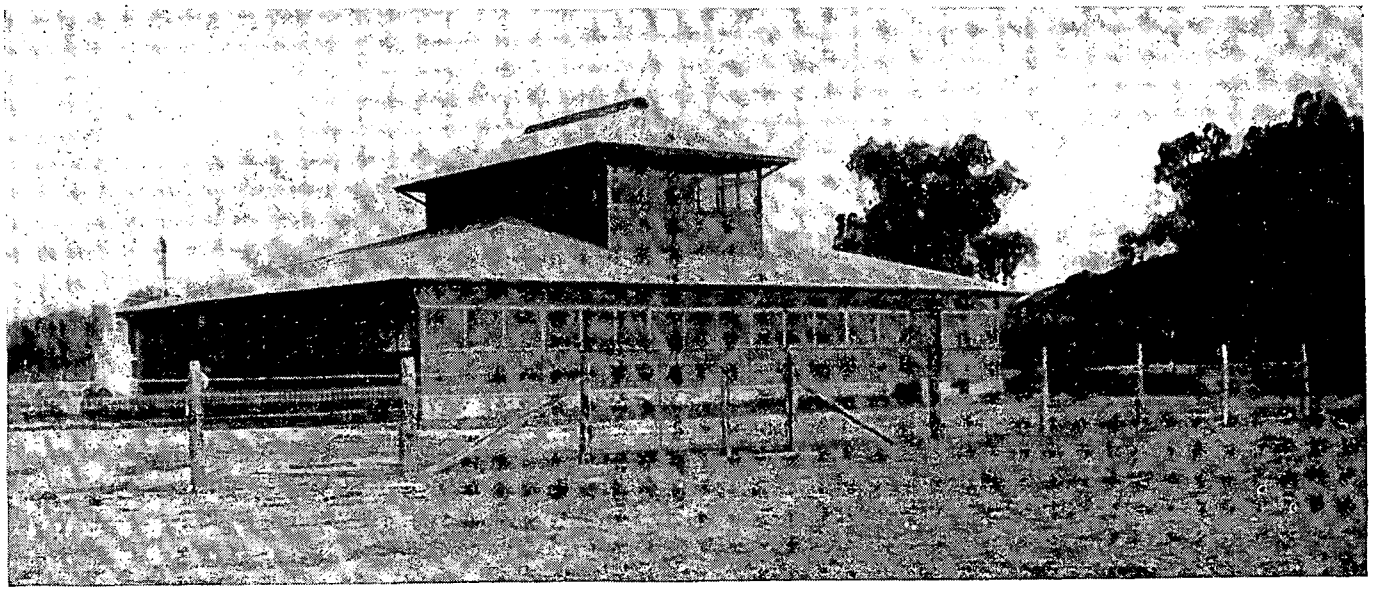


Beyond the narrow fringe along the coast . . . 200,000 white inhabitants are scattered over an area two-thirds the size of the United States

It was two years after the nurses' arrival at Victoria River Downs before the present convenient and beautiful home was built. A recent letter from one of the Sisters in charge there tells of everyday happenings:

> We have two patients in hospital, one a broken leg, the other more serious, and we are longing to get him away to where he can be examined properly (we still have no doctor). On account of the rains, and also on account of the station having neither gasoline nor tires for the car, it is for the present out of the question. However, the camel team is on its way down to the Depot, and is expected back in a fortnight's time. A donkey wagon arrived yesterday, bringing us a drum of acetylene [for lights] and leaving still at the Depot (it is February) our Christmas ham, raisins, dried fruits and other things. Isn't it extraordinary, how soon one gets used to that kind of thing, and learns to expect nothing until it is on the spot. We are looking forward to having a windmill some day and a garden. At present water has to be carried up the river bank, which is very steep. It is hard work, even for a native boy, used to climbing and heavy loads. We are fortunate in having good neighbors at the homestead. Mr. Martin is collecting among the men for a listening-in set. Of course we are delighted. It will be just wonderful. We occasionally get bits of news from a passerby from Wave-Hill, where they have the big Government wireless station.

IT was a remarkable occurrence that gave impetus to the founding of the last home built, at Hall's Creek, also in the tropical regions. A young man named Darcy, a general favorite in the Kimberley district, was rounding up horses when his mount's foot caught in a hole. The horse was killed and the rider desperately hurt. His mates took him to Hall's Creek, a hundred and fifty miles' journey, where lived F. W. Tuckett, Resident Magistrate, Commissioner of Roads and Master of Posts and Telegraph, given by his friends the degree of W.B.L. (Whole Blooming Lot). Mr. Tuckett had had first-aid lessons years before from a competent surgeon in Perth, and he had kept well in practice ever since. He gave the patient an injection of morphia to ease the pain. Under special order, he had the telegraph lines cleared, and got in touch with Dr. Holland, twelve hundred and fifty miles away. With the help of the Perth operator at the other end, he talked with the doctor by Morse code. Then, with his own office assistant at the key, Mr. Tuckett followed the doctor's directions, and performed a relieving operation. His knife was a sterilized razor, his only antiseptic permanganate of potash, but the



Almost exactly in the center of Australia, the nursing home at Alice Springs is hospital, library, social center and general meeting place for all

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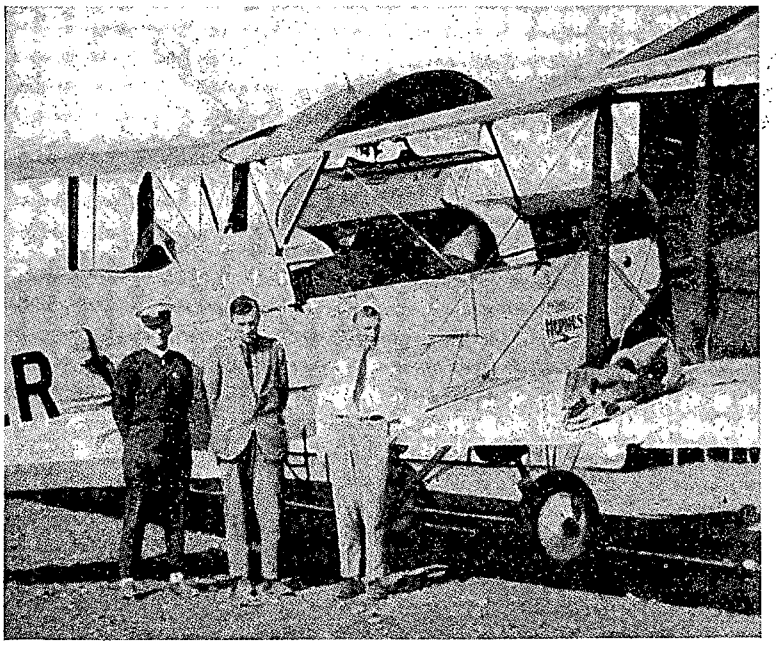


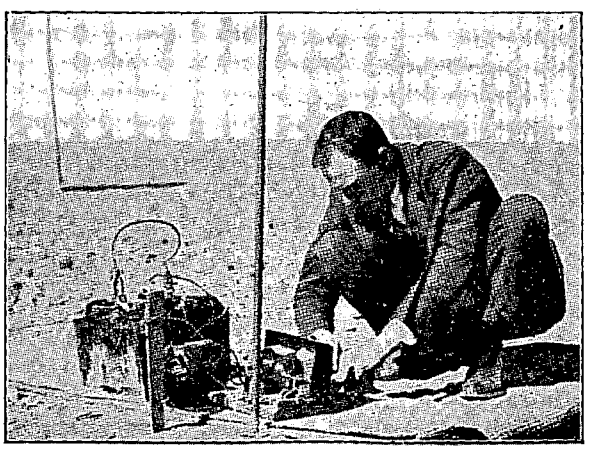
The flying ambulance, summoned by radio, brings an injured man to the hospital at Cloncurry

patient was at ease after two days of intense suffering. The injury was an extremely serious one and eventually a radical operation was needed. The city doctor was so deeply interested that he made arrangements to take the journey himself. But by train, coasting boat and car, it was 13 days before he reached Hall's Creek. The man had died the day before, but not of the accident, nor the amateur surgery. A sleeping malaria had come back, and he had no resistance.

THE whole district was roused. Money was raised locally, the state government gave a subsidy, nurses were installed. At first they had only a two-roomed adobe place, both to live in and to receive their patients; then a verandah was added, and a canvas bathroom, and volunteer carpenters put together cupboards and shelves. Finally, the present hospital was built. They have crowded days at Hall's Creek still. Once, when there were three in-patients—a woman with an infected foot, a man injured and paralysed, and an old Afghan camel-driver, past taking care of himself—there came a call from further back, where three children seemed unusually ill with colds. Nurse found them all down with pneumonia, and spent five almost sleepless nights. The man at the hospital died; some one offered to look after the other two, and the second Sister went off as relief, for another pneumonia case had developed. All four children were saved.

There is of course always health service as well as care in sickness, and advice for mothers and babies.

The well-known geologist, Herbert Gregory of Yale, who traveled through the Australian interior on a scientific expedition, wrote of the A. I. M., "Your nursing homes represent what the church of fifty years ago had not realized in its mission work."



Sending and receiving messages . . . with equipment hastily assembled and set up by the wayside

But fine as these nursing homes are, they do not begin to fill the needs of the entire territory. Doctors and nurses are always hearing of sad cases of disablement and death that resulted because there was no possible way of reaching the patient, or word reached the center only after it was too late to do anything. Always in the background has been the thought that even a largely increased number of centers would not begin to solve the whole problem, because of the lack of roads, telegraph and telephone connections. More and more insistently has come the thought, "Couldn't we use the air?"

One evening, about six years ago, Mr. Flynn and Lieutenant Hudson Fysh of Q. A. N. T. A. S. (Queensland and Northern Territory Aerial Services) met by chance in a little bush hotel on the western border of Queensland, and fell to talking about their common problems. Mr. Flynn told several instances of deaths because the doctor or nurse could not reach the sufferers in time. Both men knew of occasional cases in Australia as elsewhere, where doctor and patient had been brought together by airplane. Lieutenant Fysh felt that here lay a great new field of usefulness for the Air-Mail planes. The main thing was to work out a scheme that would guarantee regularity and continuity of service. There could be no gaps. Both machines and pilots must be on hand when wanted. Mr. Flynn caught at the suggestion, and later took up the matter with the board of the Australian Inland Mission.

This was the beginning. There followed a campaign of education to make the public understand what roads in the air would mean to Inland Australia. To provide such a medical service for an area covering two-thirds of the continent was too big a job for a church missionary body, however able and devoted its leadership. Besides the complex organization, all the technical details must be worked out so that this new undertaking might run smoothly, with no accident to frighten away the distant folk it was meant to serve. In this the experience and advice of professional flyers were sought. These practical men argued against large, heavy machines. "Get a 'bus' that is landable in any old place. You don't want to turn a chap down because you can't land at his homestead."

Dr. George Simpson, the mission's medical secretary, took a trip to London to consult with men from various outposts of the British Empire who had had experience in flying in dry countries. He talked also with medical army experts about fitting up a machine as a flying ambulance to carry the sick and wounded.

Commander Richard Byrd says of polar expeditions that the X is always finance. So it proved here. Mr. Flynn buttonholes any one who will listen, and lays down his complete plan, as if he expected that individual to finance the whole undertaking. He goes away, and begins all over again with the next person

(*Continued on page* 55)

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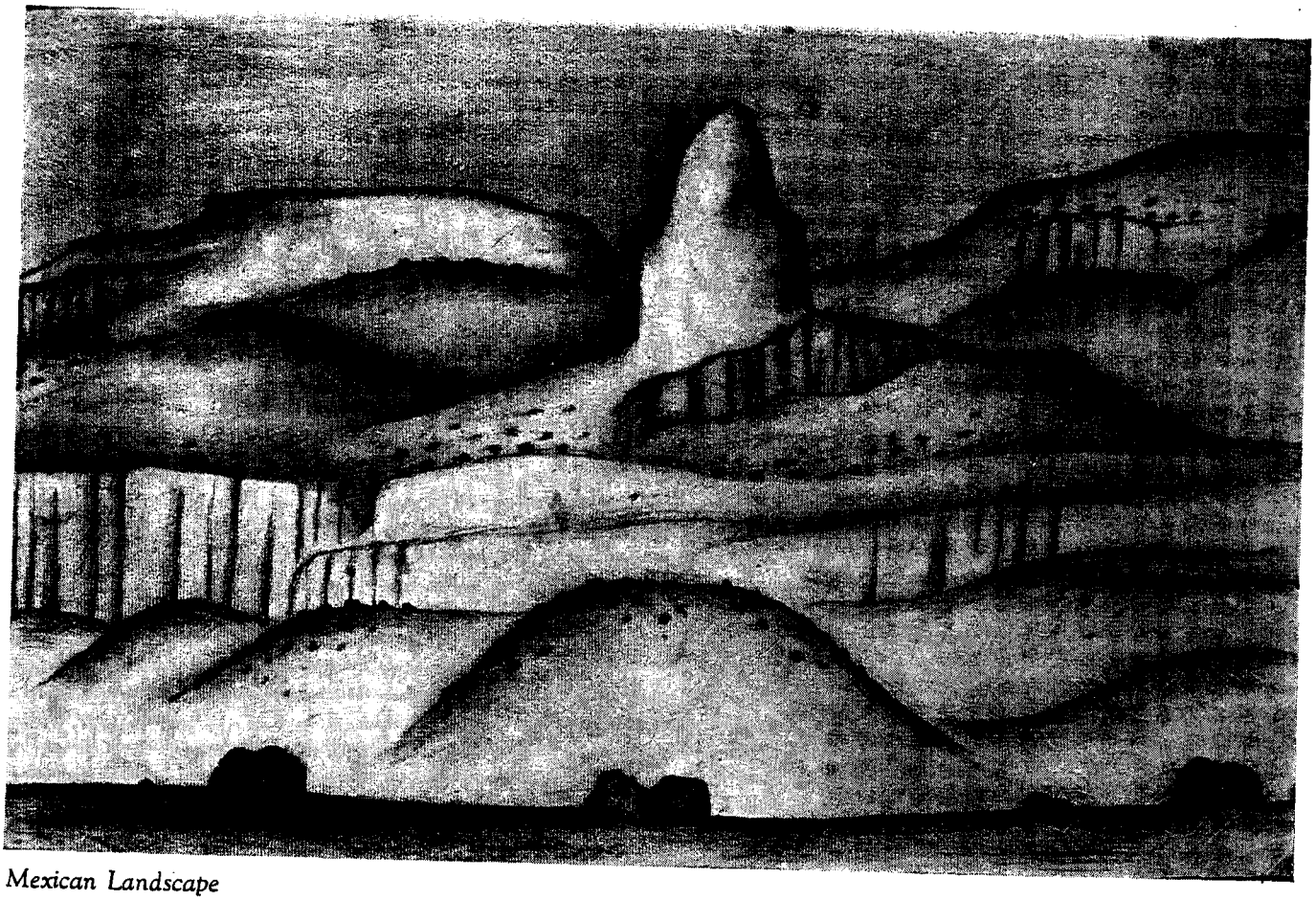

Mexican Landscape

The Art of Diego M. Rivera

Mexican Horseman

The watercolor and drawings by Mexico's greatest artist, Rivera, are here reproduced through the courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery, New York

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PORTRAIT OF GIRL

A drawing made by Rivera in 1918

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GIRL AND LILIES

New water color by Diego M. Rivera

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Why Hickman Hangs[1]

By MIRIAM VAN WATERS

FIFTY invitations are out for the hanging of young Edward Hickman, October 19. The exclusiveness of the invitations does not mean that more people would not like to go. It is simply a matter of no more room in San Quentin Penitentiary. The lady who is said to have called up the wife of the judge to ask if the trial could not be held in the auditorium is typical of the avidity of the public.

Hickman is not concerned. When his appeal to the State Supreme Court was lost and he was resentenced in April, his only remark was, "The state won by a neck." His lawyers are now attempting to test the constitutionality of the amazing new California law on insanity by an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Hickman is puzzled with other problems. He is eighteen years old.[2] His date of birth was February 1, 1910. His young lawyer, Richard H. Cantillon, has converted him to Catholicism. Hickman is glad about this, "but people back in Sebastian, Kansas, used to have such funny ideas about Catholics." In his school-boy hand he writes to his lawyer, "I used always to wonder why my mother told me never to sit by the side of her bed. That was when I was nine. Now I have found out. Here is my advice to you, never sit by your mother's bed. . . . I am still on my vacation. I hope you have a glorious one. They say you are going to Washington for me. Give my regards to Congress. Ask them for farm relief."

Just before the Christmas holidays, 1927, young Hickman kidnapped and murdered Marion Parker, aged twelve. The method of death was probably strangulation with a towel. The body was dismembered and the head with a portion of the torso was delivered by Hickman to the father of the girl in exchange for fifteen hundred dollars, supposed to be "ransom." Other parts of the body were found later, wrapped in newspaper and strewn through one of the parks. When asked if any one had been with him Hickman said, "Frank Kraemer." This sent the police interviewing all the Kraemers in Southern California. It is believed that the Frank Kraemer the boy meant was the perpetrator of the Whitechapel murders, dead a century ago by cutting his throat after a series of mutilations of women.

The details of the Parker murder terrorized the community. After death the girl's eyes had been opened by sewing the lids back with thread, the face had been rouged and the hair combed. When the father came to the appointed place to receive the daughter he supposed to be alive, the body was tossed to him from a moving car. Hickman escaped in his stolen automobile and was captured by two policemen, T. B. Gurdane and C. L. Lieuallan, at Echo, Oregon. These men are now appearing on Pantages Circuit Vaudeville Theater.

The case would seem to have received ample publicity. What purpose can be served by reviewing it in The Survey? The pattern of crime varies but little in different communities, whereas our treatment of it remains the same. An act of violence arouses our horror, the public is stunned and apparently cannot be restored to daily routine until the criminal is dealt with violently. The Hickman case shows us the familiar spectacle of the prosecution determined to stamp out any evidence which might explain the crime in terms of cause and effect. It shows the press devoting endless space to the inflaming and revolting aspects of the deed without a word which might teach us why such things are repeatedly done in our civilization. It shows the blood lust of the public stampeding the trial, while the respectable members of the community hold themselves aloof. The low-brows glut themselves with terror and vicarious revenge. The high-brows seem somehow confident that the trial will be a test of truth—the court will bring order and justice out of the disgusting chaos. It shows psychiatry ranged in two camps, on each side—according to the cynical, "the best men that money can buy." Above all, it shows that the public is helpless in the face of crime and has not even the most elementary truth to guide it in forming a future defense. These are commonplaces in our American criminal trials. The Hickman case merely throws a spotlight upon a portion of our daily procedure. What are its lessons?

First: that of a rudimentary eugenics. According to the record, Hickman's mother, Eva M. Hickman, born September 8, 1879, in Arkansas, was insane and spent some time in a state institution. When Hickman's father heard that his son had told his lawyers that he had always wished to cut up a human being, he said, "I can hear his mother talking." Eva Hickman was examined at the University of California during the trial and was pronounced definitely feebleminded. The maternal grandmother was said to be insane and was known as "crazy Becky." The maternal grandfather was neurotic and a religious fanatic, given to temper tantrums during which he beat his horses and stamped on his plough. A maternal cousin, Oddy Buck, was known in the little Kansas town as the "town simpleton." Hickman's father, W. F. Hickman, born in Arkansas in 1878, was apparently of normal intelligence.

Second. When a parent is released from an institution for the insane, the state or a suitable social agency should supervise the children with a view to preventing mental disease.

THE five children of Mrs. Hickman were brought up in Sebastian County, Kansas. The mother is said to have had a morbid fear of childbirth. She took her brood into the cotton fields where they all picked cotton for a living, the father having deserted the family. She was constantly threatening to kill the children, and stood over them with bucher knife and hand ax. She belonged to one of the shouting or rolling sects of religious fanatics. During the boy's impressionable years, he was constantly witnessing scenes of morbid emotional excitement. Later he became interested in religious problems and wished to become a

[1] This article is based on the records and transcript, and on material furnished by Richard H. Cantillon, Attorney for Edward Hickman.

[2] Taken from the official record of Juvenile Court and sworn to by his mother. No birth certificate is available.

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minister. We can only conjecture what a state-wide mental-hygiene program, with special attention to the children of insane mothers, might have done to prevent the murder of Marion Parker.

Third. When a student in our public schools shows symptoms of strain and tension, it would be a good thing to refer him to a child guidance clinic, school counsellor, or visiting teacher.

When Edward was twelve or thirteen, the family moved to Kansas City. Edward went to highschool, helping to work his way through. He was president of the Webster Club, a debating society, and one of the editors of the school paper. He spent a great deal of time in the library—acquiring, no doubt, the numerous references to the classics which astonished his lawyers. Here too, presumably, he read of Frank Kraemer and other criminal celebrities.

Toward the end of his senior year, he entered a national oratorical contest sponsored by one of the groups interested in the interpretation of the Constitution of the United States. He came out second. His lack of size, his nervousness and effeminate make-up all contributed to make this a crushing blow. It is said he had worked until four and five o'clock in the morning on this oration. A series of severe disappointments followed. It is significant that he wished always to be in the lime-light, to figure as an orator. He reacted very badly to personal slights and defeats.

As we learn to value the integrity of the child and his mental health more than we value success in the pursuit of knowledge and prestige, as we learn to be sensitively aware of the emotional life of our children, we will take these crises in the school routine as danger signals and apply wise guidance before catastrophe.

Fourth. Dr. William Healy has pointed out the necessity of having all cases of juvenile delinquency studied thoroughly, no matter how trivial they appear to be.

Edward came to California with a boy friend in January, 1927. He worked in the First National Bank as a messenger-boy at fifteen dollars per week, and lived in the home of his friend. Later Edward sent to Kansas City and had his mother and sixteen-year-old sister come to Los Angeles. The mother kept house and the sister worked as a stenographer in a real-estate office. The boy became convinced that he needed a motor-cycle. As he could not purchase one out of his weekly fifteen dollars, he cashed forged checks to the approximate value of one hundred dollars. Later, during the murder trial, it was discovered that Edward was an expert forger. He could copy his lawyer's signature so cleverly that the lawyer himself could not identify the forgery.

By reason of the boy's age, the forgery case was heard in the Juvenile Court. He had already spent several weeks in the county jail. His probation officer investigated this case with conscientious attention to all the details of the offense, the boy's home life, past school record and the opinion of his employers. The references were followed up and verified. A business man of the community offered to assist the boy in "straightening up." Mr. Parker, assistant cashier of the bank, stated that he was dumbfounded when he learned that Edward was the boy who forged the checks, as his services with the bank had been first class. So far as known his moral habits were examplary. Edward was recommended for probation and released July 22, 1927. The boy made restitution of the motor-cycle.

It is this juvenile-court phase of the Hickman case that has received the most perverted misstatement. "He should have been locked up then for life." "Probation is the leading cause of crime." "Down with all this juvenile-court stuff." Let us suppose the law had taken its course without probation. Edward would have gone to the Preston School of Industry, not to exceed two years. It is extremely improbable that his record there would have been unsuccessful. At the expiration of the usual period he would have been released as a model inmate. The theft of money to buy a motor-cycle carried with it not the faintest indication of a tendency to follow a criminal career. It might have been in Hickman's case, as in so many others, a thoughtless delinquency never again to be repeated. On the facts *as presented to the court* Edward was no great risk. One hesitates to estimate the staggering bill for prisons the taxpayers would bear, if all persons guilty of one dishonesty were locked up.

A BITTER lesson this case teaches us! It is expensive not to have psychological and psychiatric examinations in all matters of delinquency, or better still in the public schools. Los Angeles has profited to this extent—that a full-time psychiatrist has now been made available to the Juvenile Court through the efforts of Judge Robert Scott who became judge of that department in September, 1927.

But there is still another difficulty. The public which condemns Hickman would be the first to make an outcry if a citizen were recommended by a psychiatrist for life custody, not on the basis of what he had done but what he might do. We have as yet no such confidence in science. It is important to remember that the maximum penalty for an offense punishable by imprisonment is fixed by law. When the offender has "paid" that, he has paid everything. If he has shown signs of mental disorder, he must be "tried" in a separate proceeding for insanity. In the Hickman case the jury decided the boy was sane. In the face of this absurdity no comment is necessary. To be sure, the juvenile court is not bound by such technical rules. Edward could have been sent to a state hospital until he was twenty-one. But that would not have protected society permanently. At present we have no tribunal of diagnosis and treatment which considers the need of the individual rather than the offense.

What shall we say of probation in this case? It is evident that Edward almost immediately started a career of crime. He stole cars, committed robberies, and at least one murder —that of Townsend the druggist. There is some reason for believing that he robbed and killed the grandfather of the boy who was his confederate in the Townsend hold-up and murder, although at the time it was thought a suicide. On one occasion Edward drove in a car to San Francisco for the express purpose of acquiring a trombone. He entered a music store, picked out one valued at $465.00, told the clerk his father was going to buy one for his birthday. The clerk accompanied him with the instrument. In the park Edward said the car had engine trouble. When the clerk got out, Edward, on pretext of reaching for the tool kit, pulled a gun and told the clerk to keep on going. Edward was "crazy" about music and kept a small victrola with him constantly. He brought his trombone to Los Angeles. When he found he could not play it he stamped on it and threw the pieces in the park.

He lived on crime exclusively. Why did the probation officer not check up on him? In the first place the facts of

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Hickman's heredity and psychological make-up were not known to the probation officer. He was not aware that this case was dangerous. Our method of selecting probation officers does not commonly give us men trained to be alert in detecting mental aberrations. Our civil service commissions refuse to believe that experts are needed.

In the second place, if we had such men the case load entrusted to them precludes careful follow-up. One state parole officer has two hundred and fifty cases. When asked if that were not too many he said, "No, I could handle three hundred and fifty—I throw the fear of God into them." A city probation officer in one municipal court has so many cases that, counting out the hours he must spend in court and in making investigations, he would have twelve minutes a year for each probationer's social treatment.

That Hickman—who shifted his locality constantly—was "lost," in a vast state among millions, is not surprising. During this period, under different names he visited Philadelphia, St. Louis, Topeka, Kansas City, Texas and Chicago. In Cleveland he committed three street robberies in ten minutes. In Washington, D. C., he took in all the sights and had intended to kill the president. He said his "Providence" was guiding him all this time, and warned him that "to kill a ruler of a country was too ordinary a crime—it had been done before." He returned to Los Angeles to commit what he planned as "the master crime of the century." The public has not begun to realize its responsibility in matters of probation. For twenty-five years judges and social workers have been trying to fix standards, but only in a few places have the politicians yielded.

Fifth. When a child shows marked antagonism and hatred to a parent, we see manifest a destructive force that challenges all our science and social work. The child commonly projects to others his antagonism and cannot yield either to authority or to the spiritual values of life.

IN 1920 Edward's father deserted his family. Edward was ten years old. He had always hated him. W. F. Hickman was an engineer. When he first appeared at the trial, he hoped they would hang Edward. Later he became a prey to doubts and fears, and displayed a degree of emotionalism that bordered on the pathologic. Edward said he had often thought of killing his father. People have tried to find a motive for the slaughter of Marion Parker. Mr. Parker was Edward's employer. It was he who was forced to testify against the boy in the forgery case. A reasonable explanation is that Edward sought to injure him because he stood in the position of authority. Edward did not know Marion. She was pointed out to him by the school teacher when the boy went to the school to say that her father was seriously ill. No one knows how deep this insane grudge went against any one who occupied a semblance of power and who could legitimately inflict humiliation. Here we are in the realm of speculation, but it is extremely probable that Edward, in killing Marion, was in some obscure way getting even with his father. From the human point of view the monstrous injustice of this staggers us. From the point of view of what we, as a modern society, owe to the children we have permitted to be born to us, it makes us pause.

The trial of Edward Hickman presents some unusual points of interest and education. The case was assigned originally to Judge Carlos Hardy who refused a continuance to the defense sufficient to prepare for the importation of witnesses from Kansas City. "We will give you twenty days to prepare and then hang him," the judge is alleged to have said. The public, worn out with long delays in other trials and smarting from the criticism of the press, seemed eager to have the case heard at once and done with without formality. Hickman of course was without funds. Jerome K. Walsh, son of Frank P. Walsh, came on from Kansas City. He is twenty-five years old and a member of the state legislature of Missouri. Richard H. Cantillon, aged twenty-nine, was asked by one of the leading California criminal lawyers to assist in the defense; Frank Sievers of Los Angeles was associate counsel. The young lawyers entered the plea "not guilty by reason of insanity." Public opinion was not interested in this. Neither it appears was the judge. The defense filed an affidavit alleging prejudice by reason of which they could not expect a fair trial. Section 170, subdivision 4, of the California Code of Civil Procedure, passed August, 1927, states, "when it is made to appear probable that, by reason of bias or prejudice of such justice, judge, or justice of the peace a fair and impartial trial can not be had before him," the judge must either relinquish the trial, or within five days submit the matter of his disqualification to be passed upon by some other judge. "No judge of a court of record, who shall deny his disqualification, shall hear or pass upon the question of his own disqualification." Like a shaft of light this sensible bit of humanism falls upon the dark stage of the Hickman case.

It is said that motion pictures of the proceedings were arranged for by the judge but stopped by a committee of the bar association. Where, but in America, where but in California, can such things be!

Finally the trial was assigned to Judge Trabbucco, who was substituting in the Los Angeles County Superior Court from Mariposa County. The issue was solely that of insanity. The defense lawyers offered to submit their case to a committee of psychiatrists appointed by the American Association of Psychiatrists. This was rejected by the prosecution, and the objection upheld by the judge. The trial took five weeks. The jury was out forty minutes; presumably they devoted about ten minutes to deliberation. The verdict was that Edward Hickman was sane.

To have a jury pass upon the question of sanity at any time is ridiculous. When the jury must be chosen from a community which has lost its sense of security and is terrorized by an atrocious crime, it is like submitting a question of science to an infuriated mob. Like many criminals Hickman showed a passionate eagerness to talk about himself. All he wished was the opportunity to explain every detail. When his stories were checked up they were found to be true. He was not caught in a single lie. But no one would believe him when he said that he "heard the voice of Providence."

In submitting the case to the Federal Supreme Court, the defense is hoping for an interpretation of the 1927 code amendments to the California law on insanity. If the defendant pleads not guilty by reason of insanity, he must first admit the commission of the offense. He then receives a jury trial only on the question of insanity, no jury passing upon guilt or on the degree of murder. In the Hickman case the jury returned a verdict which carried with it the death penalty for first degree murder. Thus the new law places a greater disability upon the man who pleads insanity, than upon the one who pleads not guilty. The effect of the

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law as written tends to nullify the insanity defense.

Seven psychiatrists testified for the prosecution. Dr. R. O. Shelton, Dr. E. M. Fettes, a diagnostician, and Dr. A. L. Skogg of the University of Kansas (who has since lost his position) testified for the defense. One of the prosecution alienists, in the heat of the trial, said to Edward, "I would like to have you vivisected!" Said Hickman, "Doctor, you are as bad as I am." The only articulate explanation the boy could give of his crime was that he was under the call of "Providence" to do it, that he had learned to listen to this voice, and to act immediately, for if he stopped to consider "it was wrong."

He stated that during the dismemberment of the body he played the phonograph, choosing the record "Bye-Bye, Pretty Baby," to prove to himself that he was strong enough to finish the deed. Each side used these statements, one to prove the boy insane, the other that he was completely sane. Clearly the concept of sanity can never be defined in the heat of a murder trial.

In the meantime the papers doubled in circulation. The Herald sold 600,000 copies per day. None of the papers printed all the facts about the real Hickman; they pictured a burly brute; they did not tell their readers that Edward was an undersized, effeminate boy, looking not more than fifteen or sixteen years old. When he went into a store to change one of the twenty-dollar bills he had received from Mr. Parker as ransom, the salesgirl said, "You are a pretty small boy to have all that money." Said Hickman, "You would be surprised to know who I am." The facts of his heredity were not brought out. The newspaper men were silent on the subject of their opinion of his insanity, yet in the Hickman-Hunt trial later, for the murder of the druggist Townsend, press representatives testified that they had interviewed Hickman often and thought him demented.

What is it that makes people during a prosecution afraid of the truth? Undoubtedly it is the goal that looms at the end of the trial—the death penalty. The prosecution acts on the theory that anything which would interfere with the public demand for hanging must be suppressed. The press seems to feel that anything which would show the man as an ordinary human being, is detrimental to the end sought.

Clearly Hickman is dangerous. Since confinement in the death cell, he assaulted his cell-mate so severely that he had to be taken to the hospital. Since Edward has been under observation, he has committed a major crime every six months, and several minor crimes. He is the type who maddens the community. Numerous clubs and organizations passed resolutions demanding his execution. As he said himself when he read the papers, "One savage act has turned the whole world savage."

A cartoon in the press made this vivid. Edward had made his threats to the father of Marion Parker under the signature "The Fox." After his capture by the two Oregon policemen, a large party of officials flanked by many newspaper men went north to escort him to Los Angeles. There were the district attorney and his deputy, the chief of police and his first assistant, detectives and police. The cartoon showed an army of dignified blood-hounds bringing in a horrid, bedraggled little beast.

We cannot expect the community to turn its attention to the causes of crime until the criminal has been rendered no longer dangerous. We cannot think of prevention while we are terrorized. But afterward it is reasonable to ask the court, the press, and the men of science to present the whole truth to the end that our abhorrence may be fastened upon the deed, and the causes which produced it, rather than upon the criminal himself. This is the lesson which the Hickman case presents to the people of America.

From The Passion of Human Life, a story in woodcuts by Frans Masereel

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Ex Sua Natura

By CAROLINE SLADE

THE Elegant Lady sniffed in alarmingly plebeian manner, and her tone was as Greenland's icy mountains.

"The trouble," she announced, "is that you don't get any fun out of work like this. You social workers get only the dregs, the scum, the—"

The other one broke in upon her hastily:

"But they're not scum nor dregs. Lots of them are corking people, and—"

"—the riff-raff," continued the E. L. icily. "Don't tell me! How you ever manage to smile after a year in such work is beyond me."

The other one smiled immediately, which caused the E. L. to sniff again.

"I do not mean a smile made to order, young woman. I mean that unless you enjoy making a martyr out of yourself, you find little to smile at in your work."

The other one answered from the confines of a file, out of which she was extracting various letters.

"And I ask; For the depths
Of what use is language?"

she muttered. Then, aloud, "Do read this letter, and this one—and this one—and see what gorgeous fun it all is, along with the rest of it. You may remember that Voltaire wrote—"

"I do not read Voltaire," said the E. L. glaring at her and taking the proffered letter between thumb and forefinger carefully, as though fearful of germs. "Where does it begin? Thank you. Ahem . . . . My dear Miss Slade. . . ."

My dear Mis Slad,

What do they mean by poking a hole in my Emma's front tooth? Why do a dentist woman have to be in school anyhow? I send Emma to get eddukated, not to get the toothack. Now I got to have a dentist bill becaus the hole has got to get filled. Is that right for a poor mother with 5 children? Emma never had no toothack before. I lived 41 years without one only now and then which aint much. My ma lived to 69 and never went to no dentist and never gummed it nether. Her teeth was as sound as a horses. You made me take out Emma's toncills which we never done before in our family and now I got teeth on my mind.

Your true frend

Mrs. S. S.

Please get the Board to pay for the hole. It cost $2. I ask the dentist.

Mrs. Caroline Slade.
Child Welfare Woman.
Dear Madame;

Did, or did not, our Fathers fight for the Freedom of our Great Country? Did, or did not, the Public Schools issue forth from the Great Battle of the Republic? Am I, or am I not, a Free Citizen of a Free Country? Do I pay my taxes, or do I not? Look on the pay roll and see if I ever was late paying them? You will find, Madame, that they are always paid on the dot.

Why, then, do I get a call saying I had better keep my son Herbert at home, because some one asked him a lot of questions no one could answer anyhow, and don't amount to much if they did, and then made out a report that he can never learn anything? He learns, only he learns slow, like his father. He never learned an awful lot, but he is the best workman in this Town, and he went to school til he was ready to stop. Who said Herbert could have his mind examined? I dont believe in such foolish stuff. Please keep my son in school until he is sixteen or until I fail to pay my taxes or until this Great Country of Ours is under the Yolk of England again. I hold to My Rights. Herbert gets his schooling or there will be trouble.

With sincerest regrets,

Mrs. M. M.

My dear Mrs. Slade,

I wish you would mind your own business. What do you think a woman is made for, to slave all the time? I cant dust and cook and wash all the time can I? I got to have some time to read. I think if I dont want to clean up every day its up to me. Jim and the kids dont mind. More people mess up thier lives fussing about dirt. I like to read and Im goin to read, so please mind your own business and if you got any books you dont want will you bring them to me?

F. F.

I like Elnor Glyn or Harld Bel Right. Or magizines.

My dear Miss Slade,

I am writing for Mrs. M— who says to tell you her husband is dead at last and she has fifteen children and nine at home and I want to tell you that she is better off for all he did was to set around and have youngones and she worked her head off right up to the time weeding and everything. Miss Slade she says to tell you she cannot write but to tell you to come and see her quick as she uses a barell of flour in 22 days and now she has not got no barell but just kids. Mrs. Slade we all say as how shes got to many but dont say nothing to her. She gets mad and says she wishes they was all twins.

But though dead I got to say he was a shiftless man.

Your good frend,

Miss L. L.

She says to see her grocery man for her character. She owes him a lot.

Board of Child Welfares.
Dear Miss,

You say to me that my Anna do not like her ticher. I ask you why not? She like her Sunday ticher, she like you very much, she like me. She like many folks. My Anna is a dam fine girl. She take care of baby, she wash, cook, work hard. She do good in school. Good lessons. Good marks. Her ticher say my Anna a bad girl. What a lie. I tell you Board of Child Welfares. I tell you the truth. Ticher is old. She need husband. She need a baby herself. Why they let her teach little kids? She need home and man? She makes cranky, not having. Gets sour at kids, see?

Can you find her man? You help Anna lots doing that.

Your good wish,

Mrs. V. V.

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Is This a Permanent Country?

By J. RUSSELL SMITH

THE United States is going to economic Hades faster than any other country in the world. No people, civilized, savage or barbarian, now or in time past, has destroyed its soil so rapidly as we of the United States are now destroying ours. This we do by permitting soil wash from our fields. Soil is the most vital resource of a people. That we should thus neglect an irreplaceable resource is amazing.

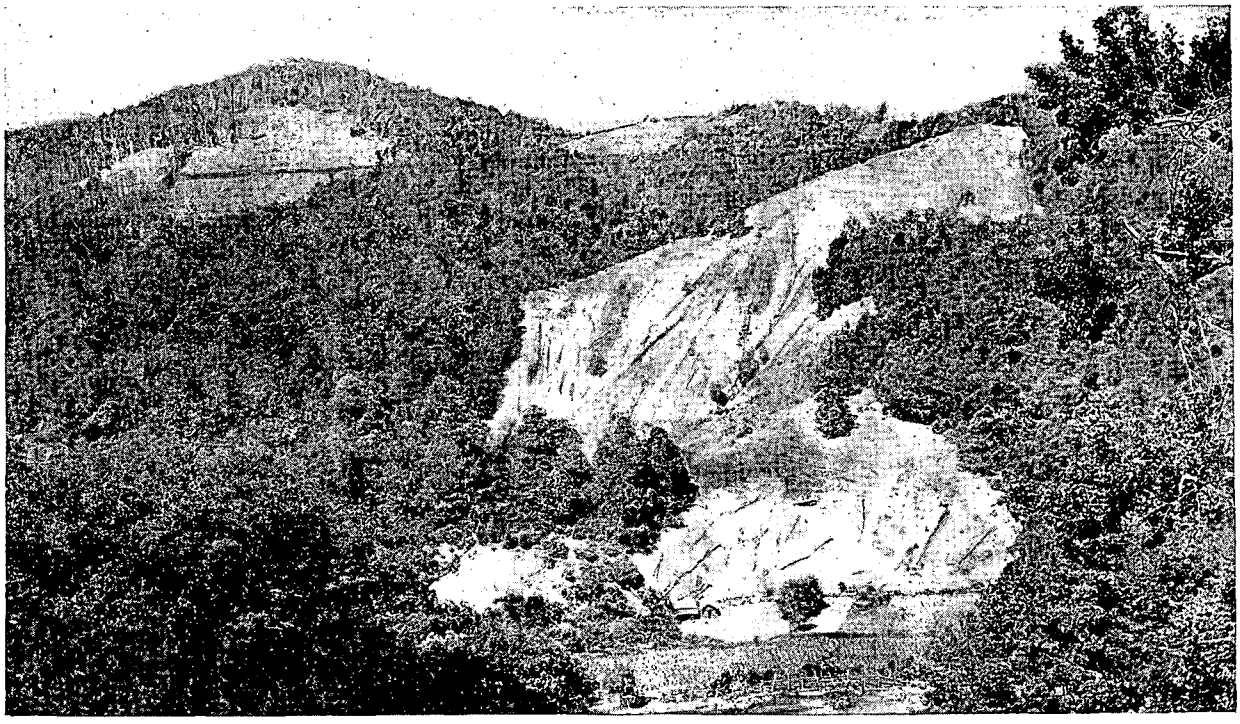
I asked the county demonstration agents in a dozen counties of North Carolina this question: How many crops of grain are grown on your hill lands after the forest is cleared and before the field is abandoned? The answer gave the range as being from five to fifteen years, and the average was ten years. Think of it! Here was one of the finest forests in the entire world. Europe has nothing like it. Half a dozen species of oak; several species of hickory; the black walnut; chestnut; tulip poplar; and other hardwood trees. The forest was cut down. In ten years the soil that had supported it was so nearly washed away that the farmer abandoned the field to poor pasture or blackberry bushes.

What is ten years in the long stretch of human history? All scientists are agreed that man has been on the earth for hundreds of thousands of years. Thank God the plow was not discovered a hundred thousand years ago! If plows had been used on the United States for one hundred thousand years as destructively as for the last fifty years there would remain now only about 10 or 15 per cent of our good farm land.

The plow is a new factor in human history. For unknown ages man was a food gatherer. He caught fish and wild animals; picked berries; dug roots; and hunted for nuts and acorns which, by the way, make a more nutritious bread than any that we now have. Thus he gained a livelihood, often insufficient, not by production but by hunting for food.

Next came primitive agriculture. It is not known when man first began to farm but we know very definitely what the process was like, because it is still going on in central Africa and central America and in many other remote places. A little clearing is made in the forest, to permit a rude garden to be planted beneath the deadened trees. Shoots of banana or casava are stuck in the ground, or the seeds of corn, rice, beans, tomatoes, and pumpkins are planted. In two or three seasons the ground is impoverished; the garden is abandoned; a new one is made in another clearing. In the abandoned garden, grass and the young thickets of the returning forest again grasp the tilled soil with their clutching roots and hold the earth before the old roots of the original forest had let it go.

Next came the plow—a permanent field; a permanent settlement; more of the children living to grow up; populations increased; cities rose, empires came—Greece; Rome.



Courtesy U. S. Forest Service

"No people . . . now or in the past has destroyed its soil so rapidly as we of the United States are now destroying ours." Note the fresh field (left) with deadened trees and, back of the little house, a field abandoned because its soil is completely gone, while logs yet lie across the ruined gullies

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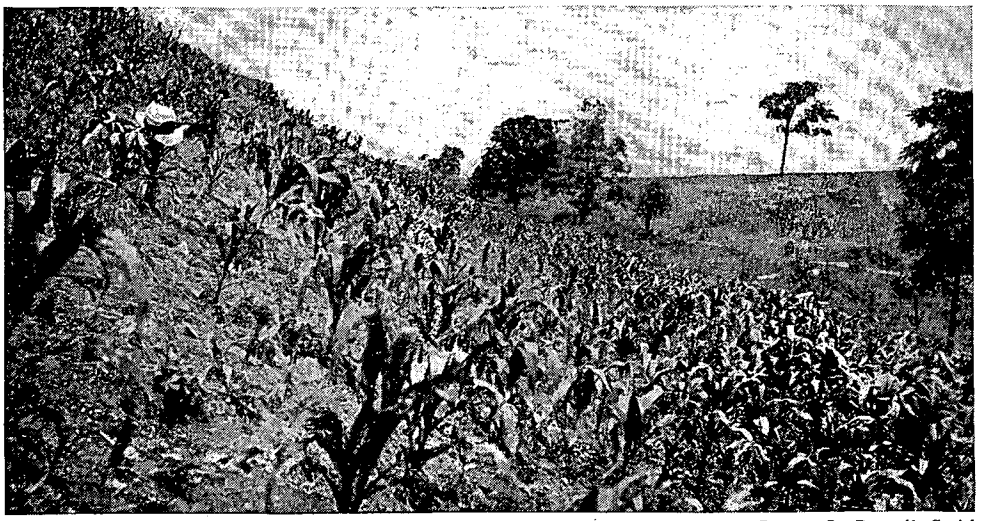
The plow permanently broke the soil cover and destroyed the forest's root mass. With the plow came field erosion. The lands of Greece and Rome were soon impoverished. Where Greece and Rome once had prosperous colonies there are today the ruins of homesteads lying on bare rock. The country east of Antioch was once productive. Today it lies a barren waste and to cross it is difficult. In Greece, Italy, China, in every old country, a large percentage of the agricultural lands has been so completely destroyed by erosion as no longer to be used or usable as farming land.



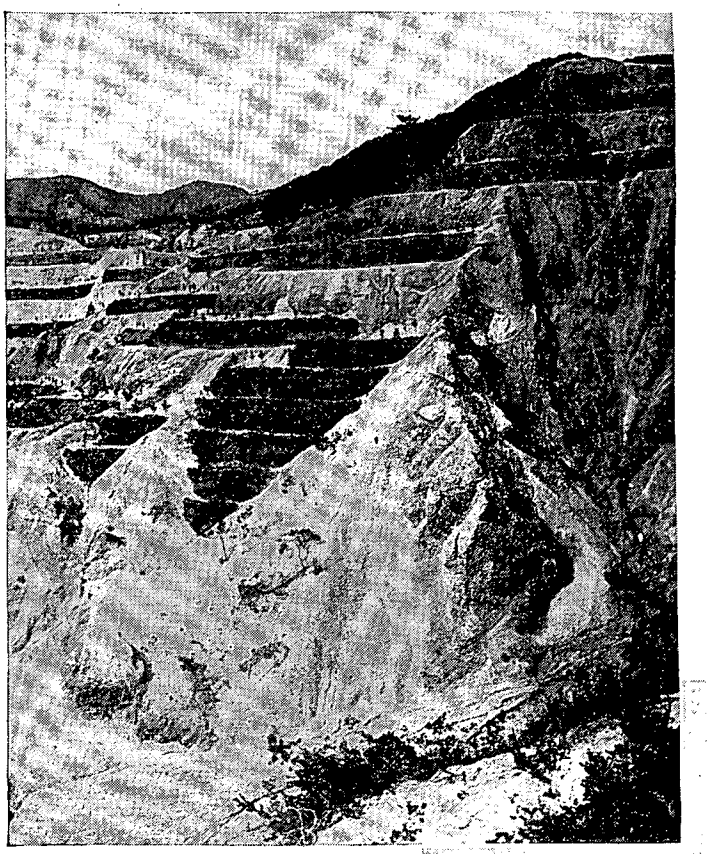
Photo, J. Russell Smith

Still in cultivation, but nearly ruined. Note the almost worthless stalks on hillside (near hat) while a six-foot man (under arrow) is hidden by the fine growth at the foot of the hill

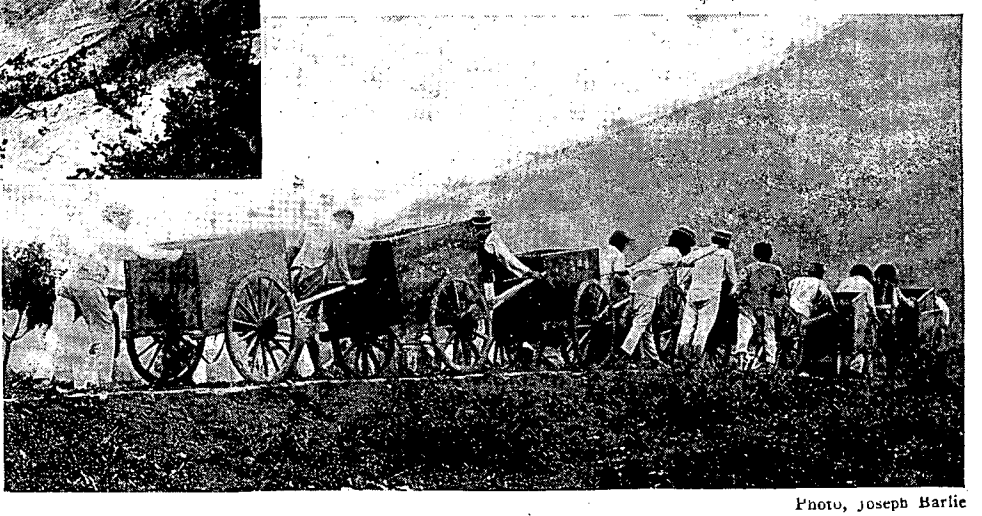
The basis of agriculture of the Old World peoples was small grain; wheat, barley, rye, and oats. These crops preserve the soil, because the seed is planted thickly and when it begins to sprout it makes a mat of roots which holds the soil until after harvest. The New World method is in direct contrast. America added three great crops to her program—corn, cotton and tobacco. For satisfactory growth these plants *require cultivation.* They are therefore planted in rows. Thus the flav can loosen the soil beside them. The necessary cultivation for corn, cotton and tobacco is perfect preparation for soil loss thruogh erosion.

America has still another agent of destruction little known in Europe—the torrential rain of the summer thunder-shower. The Corn Belt, the Cotton Belt, and the Tobacco Belt receive most of their summer moisture from thunder-showers. Rain falls faster than the earth can absorb it. Often one, two or even three inches of rain or occasionally more will fall in an hour. If the rain happens to fall on a plowed hillside, that one hour of rain often carries away more soil than a century of weathering can produce on the bed-rock beneath. No wonder some one long ago remarked: "After man, the desert."

Even before the Civil War half the land in some counties in the Cotton Belt was regarded as ruined by field wash. There have actually been cases of county seats having been moved because all of the land on which they stood was falling into gullies and what had been some of the finest land in the world became, after the wash-away of the top soil, a stretch of coarse sand, good only for jack pines, and not very good for them. The white man came to America but yesterday, and already we have destroyed the possible food supply for many millions of men.



Photo, Shutaro Kawai



Photo, Joseph Barlie

The repentance of Japan and China.

Above: heroic labors to reclaim a denuded mountain side in Japan. Right: hauling humus from a lake bottom to start forest growth near Nanking, China. This humus was once the soil supporting great mountain forests

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Part of a life-size photograph of a honey-locust bean, 2 inches wide, 16 inches long, analyzing 29 per cent sugar

Cross section of this honey-locust bean, showing storage of sugar

© Journal of Heredity

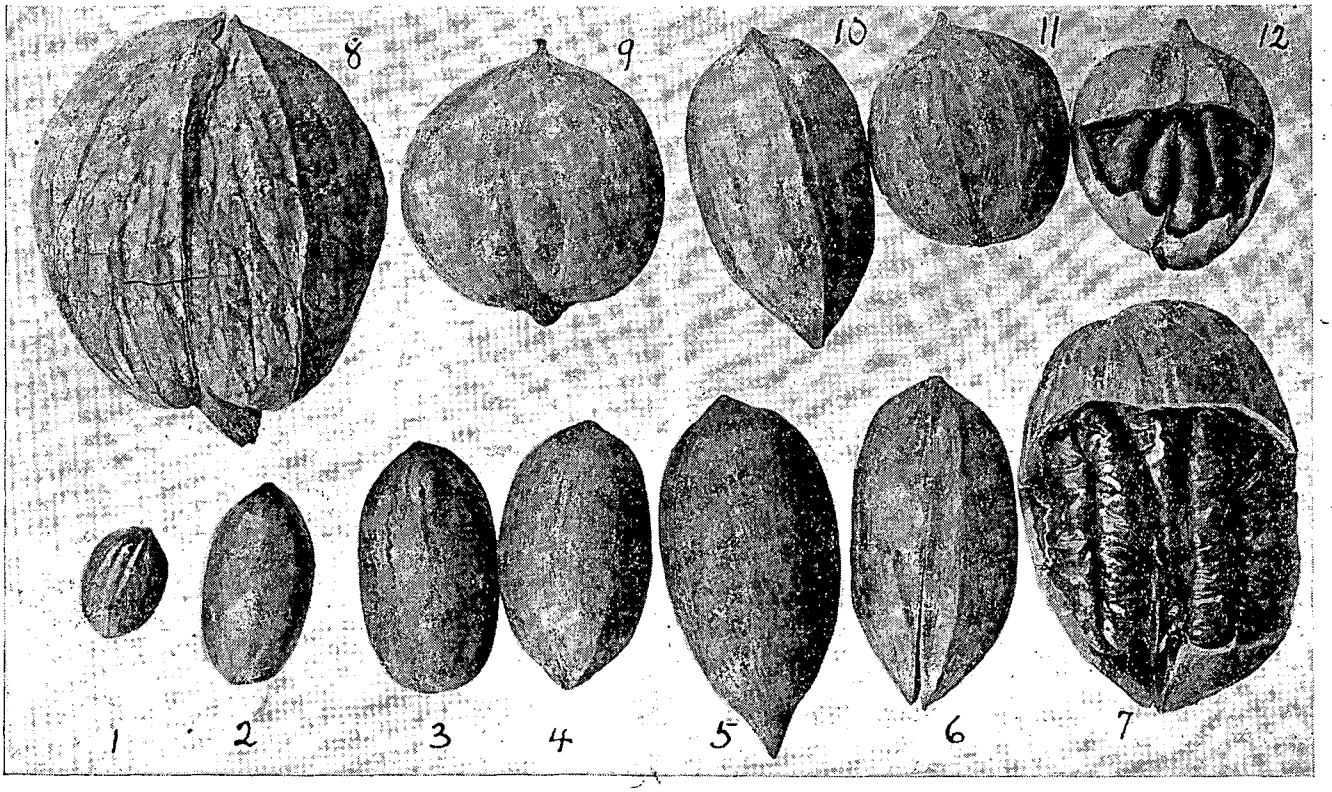
The plow agriculture is suitable only for level lands and the trouble is that men have unthinkingly taken the plow to the hills where it breaks the soil cover and the soil-protecting root mass. This is a new problem to man, made trebly appalling in America by the addition of the tilled crop and the summer showers. Thus far our chief cure for the new problem has been to run away from it, get a new field, destroy that, and keep moving. But moving day is now over. Even Oklahoma, newest of the new land and the last to be taken from the Indian, has its million miles of gullies and its thousands of abandoned and ruined hillsides. The Indian did not do this thing.

Even the Corn Belt of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, is found upon examination to have suffered far more than the superficial observer would have suspected.

What we need in the United States is an agriculture for the hills. We need a new series of crops—crops that grow on trees which can stand in grass. Then the grass roots and tree roots will hold the soil while the trees give a profit-yielding annual crop of fruit, nuts, or beans.

This is not a recommendation for forestry which harvests wood as its goal, but for farm crops that yield as do corn and wheat.

At this point in the discussion, two new scientific discoveries need to be recalled. One of these discoveries is the art of propagating a fine native tree, such as the original navel orange or the original Baldwin apple. As the result of such propagation we now have whole orchards, millions of trees like the first accidental navel orange tree or the first accidental Baldwin apple tree. Upon this one process depends almost the whole of our horticultural industry—all our products of perennial vine and tree.



Hickory Nuts, life size: 1. Diminutive Nebraska pecan; 2. Illinois pecan (wild); 3-4. Indiana pecans. Grafted trees of this strain are now widely distributed; 5. Schley pecan (Georgia) retailing at $1.00 a pound; 7. McAllister, Indiana. Cross of 8×4; 8. Western shagbark; 12. Purebred shagbark (Penna.); 6, 7, 10, 11. Natural hybrids.

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Both photos by courtesy U. S. Geological Survey

This page shows two hills of similar geologic structure—granite which makes clay

The second discovery is tree breeding. We have recently learned how to breed better types of trees. This process, often associated with the name of Burbank, gives us an occasional chance tree genius—a tree that is to other trees what Napoleon and Caesar and Aristotle were to other men. Having created this one, we can propagate it by the million.

THESE two processes of propagating and breeding trees open an almost untouched realm—more and better crop-yielding trees. These two processes invite us to do two things. First, to pick out the best native tree for propagation. Second, to take the best native trees as parents and to breed from them trees vastly better than either parent. To glimpse these possibilities, consider the statement of the great Sargent, keeper for half a century of the Arnold Arboretum at Boston, and acknowledged the greatest authority on trees in the world. He made the statement that the English walnut, that choice, rich, full-meated nut, was in its original state a worthless thick-shelled wild nut. Selection and breeding have made the English walnut what it is.

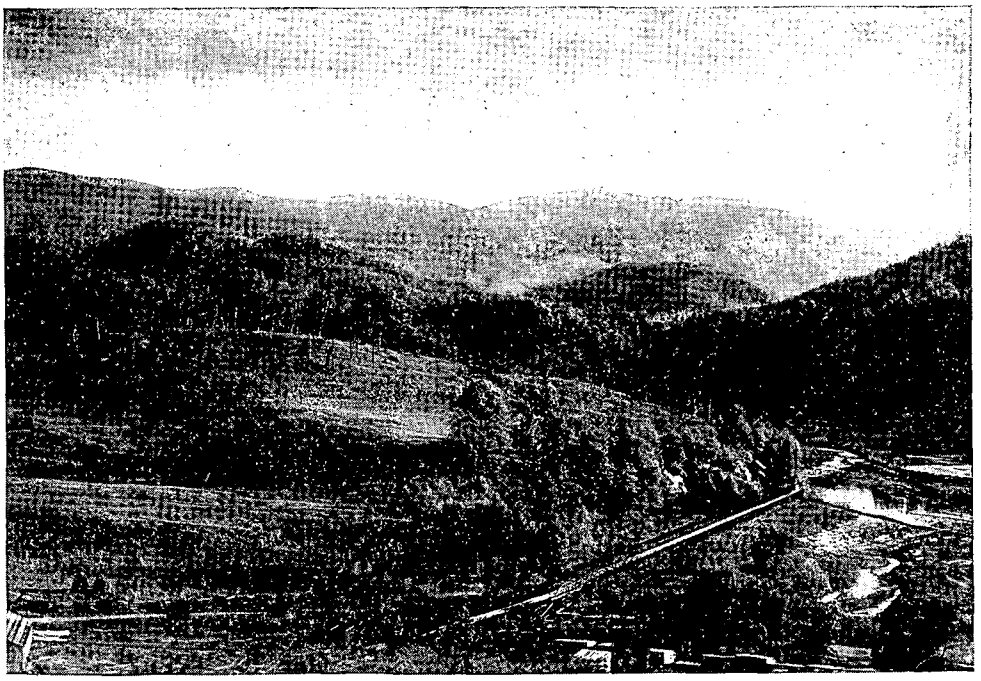
If man without knowledge of modern science has been able to produce those results with the wild English walnut, what may not happen when he applies these two processes scientifically and systematically to the many other promising wild trees of nature?

For example, consider just one genus of the forest that originally covered nearly all the eastern part of the United States. That genus is the hickory. One of its species, the pecan, grows wild from southern Ohio to southern Iowa and down through Kansas, to Texas and on into Mexico. Some of the better wild trees in the South (also the North) have been propagated in orchards so that we have had an agricultural boom and have an increasing industry. It may soon become a substantial addition to our food supply.

The delicious shag-bark, beloved by thousands of country boys and girls from Massachusetts to Wisconsin and southward, is a nut whose quality is second to none. Most of the trees of this species produce nuts with convoluted shells from which it is difficult to extract the meats. But there are, doubtless, several hundreds of wild shag-bark trees producing nuts from which a gentle crack of the hammer will cause the kernel to come out in two complete halves. I have ten or fifteen such varieties grafted and growing in my own experimental grounds. An orchard of such trees should be a very valuable property.

There are fifteen species of hickory growing wild in eastern United States and *natural hybridization* is going on among them. The cut on page 27 shows a natural hybrid in company with its parents. The nut is larger than any of the cultivated pecans. It grows on a beautiful tree which has one of the characteristics common to some hybrids—rapid growth. I have some that made two and a half feet of growth by August first of this year while nearby is a pure-blood shag-bark which has made only five or six inches.

We have hundreds of thousands of hill pastures that were once hickory forests. Why not give the hickory a chance to come back? Suppose that the twenty-acre pasture had on it ten fine grafted hickory trees to the acre, two hundred in all. Suppose they bore five bushels of nuts each at a full crop, and averaged two full crops in five years. That will average two hundred bushels per year, twenty bushels per acre, or a thousand (*Continued on page* 56)



Trees explain the difference in appearance, and yet we denude our mountains!

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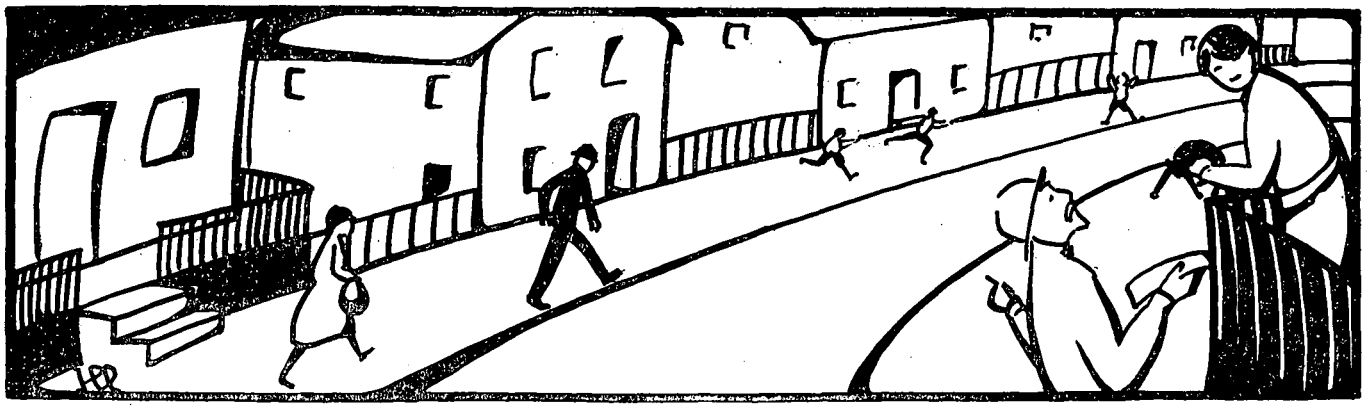

Woman's Place in Our Town

By MARY ELIZABETH HENDEE

Drawings by Helen B. Phelps

"MR. WILLIAMS knocked on the kitchen door just as I was gathering up the cats and preparing to leave. "How many kids they got at Nortons'?" he inquired. "I know there's Kenneth and Alice, but is there one little one or two?"

"Just little Jimmy," said I, dumping the indignant littlest kitten over the porch rail. "What are you doing—taking the census?"

"Yeah," assented Mr. Williams, jotting Jimmy down. "Got you and Greg all written up. Didn't need to ask any questions. Fact is, I know 'most everybody in my district, anyway, and don't bother more than a third of 'em with visits. But I couldn't be sure about that Norton kid, and Mrs. Norton hasn't been at home any time I've been there. Guess her sister must be sick again."

I shut the door as the census taker left, picked my way through the porchful of pussies, and proceeded on my interrupted journey to the office. Not till later did I really pause to wonder just what, after all, Mr. Williams had put into his report about my husband and myself.

Another day I saw him and asked.

"Do you have to mention every one's occupation in those lists?" I inquired. At his "Sure"—"What did you give for mine?" I asked. "Why, housewife," said he. "You're married, aren't you?"

In vain did I point out that, though married, I spent, as he well knew, from eight to nine hours in the office where my husband and I manage our busy country publishing plant. Mr. Williams knew—for he lives just down the street—that a housekeeper comes each day to do our practical "housewifing." But he was merely amused at my arguments; of course I was a housewife; I had a husband and a home.

"What about Mrs. Herbst?" I inquired. Mrs. Herbst and her husband work some fourteen hours, seven days a week, to make bread and buns and cake for the people of an extensive section. Mr. Herbst is chief baker; his wife is business and sales manager, as well as assistant at the ovens. But she had been "censused" too, it seems, as a housewife. So had Mrs. Van Kirk, who spends full days in her husband's office; so had Mrs. Lucas, who does all the cooking and table-waiting in her husband's little "ham and" lunch-room.

"Did you call *all* the women housewives?" I wanted to know.

"Course not." Mr. Williams was annoyed. "There's Mrs. Smith—she's a teacher o' course, so I put her down that way, husband or no husband; and there's Grace Perkins in Jenkins' store, and Bessie Elton, the librarian."

Grace is employed for part time only. Bessie spends no more than eight hours a week in our little public library, open for short periods on four different days. The rest of the time she is at home, where she helps her mother run her busy boarding-house. There were others like Bessie on Mr. Williams' "employed" list—girls and women who spend most of their days at housework, and only a few irregular hours at their various part-time jobs in stores and offices.

"How come?" I was determined to know our census taker's whys and wherefores.

"Well," said he, "they ain't married, or if they *are* married they're not working just for their husbands, like you and Mrs. Van Kirk and Mrs. Herbst. That's one thing. And if they're keeping house most the time, why, it's for their folks, not families of their own—that's another thing. Take Mrs. Hannigan, the postmaster's wife, now: I didn't put her down as housewife, but as assistant postmaster. That ought to suit you. But you see, it's the gov'ment hires her, and that's not like she was helping Bert run a private business."

IT was plain that Mr. Williams' reasons and classifications had been developed under the fire of my questioning rather than determined before he began his census taking, but nevertheless they did represent a definite point of view. His figures had already been turned in; it was useless to argue further. But I have wondered often since how many of the women in our rural and semi-rural communities are correctly listed on Uncle Sam's great book of statistics. We have fairly accurate figures reporting employed women in industry, but they apply chiefly to cities

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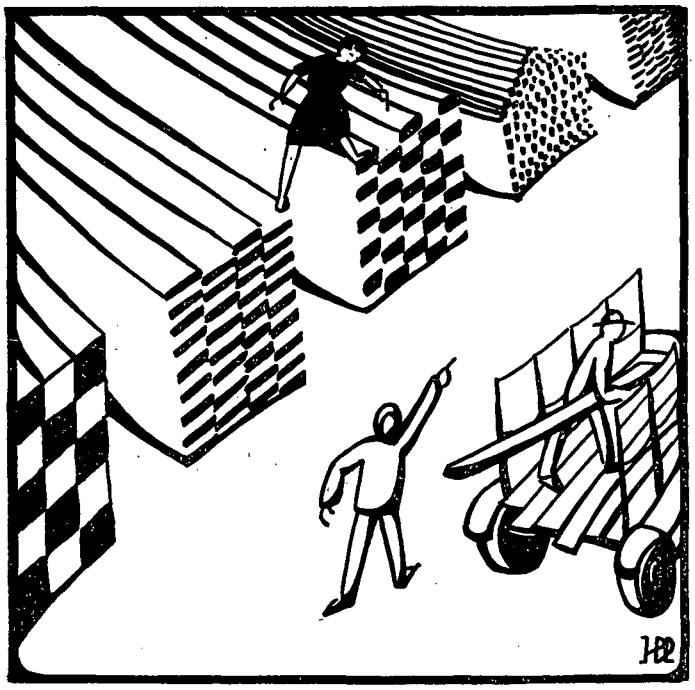


"Next door is the Central Lumber Company . . . Bill Van Kirk is its owner; Ruth Van Kirk, as every one knows, is its manager."

and large towns. What of the country and its woman-power? What of the hundreds and thousands of women whose contribution to the private small businesses run in their husbands' names is a strong growth-determining factor?

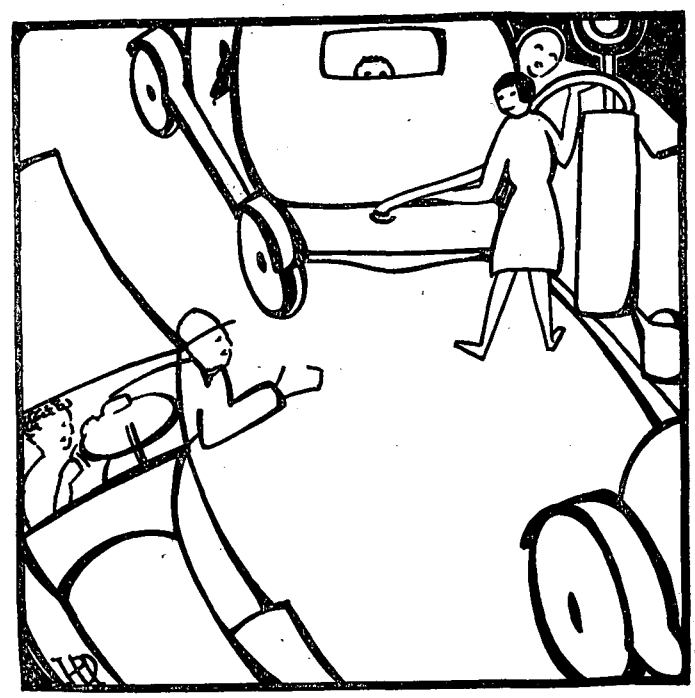
We all know what the farmer's wife contributes to the family enterprise in labor and often in management, even if, sadly enough, the farmer himself so seldom recognizes it. Wherever there are farms there are villages too, the hearts of rural life, the centers of rural thought. In spite of mass production, of the growth of towns and cities, of automobiles and facility of travel, we still have thousands of tiny hamlets all over the land, whose churches, schools, newspapers, post offices, grocery stores, "Main Streets," are the center of the world for their own communities.

Suppose, just to see what we shall see, I take you in imagination from my own office at one end of the business section of our Main Street, down the highway for a block and a half to the other end, and up the straggling hilly row of buildings that constitutes Rand Avenue and completes our "business section." Let us see how our businesses are run, and how many "housewives" have a hand in running them.

MY own is a case in point. I married into my work, right out of city journalism; the change, to my surprise, was a pleasant one. Country publishing is no longer the down-at-the-heels affair it used to be; country journalism has a challenge seldom met with in any city job. My husband and I work as partners would work, with equal authority over our staff of printers, reporters and office girls. His business was doing well (I have to confess) without me, but two, after all, can do more than one. And enough has already been said to show that Mr. Williams was scarcely correct when he told Uncle Sam I was a "housewife." If I were, I should not be ashamed of it; but as it is, my home planning and management constitute my out-of-hours play, my hobby, not my profession.

Next door to our office is a small plumbing shop, the only one in town. Mrs. Vernon, its owner's wife, was also counted a "housewife" by Mr. Williams. But her hours away from the shop are few, for the men are out on jobs most of the time, and there is no one else to answer the busy 'phone, keep the books, attend to orders and S.O.S. calls, do the buying. Small Bobbie plays in the street or whines at his mother's heels; Baby slumbers in her crib among boxes of nuts and bolts and washers. Housework in the little house down the street is done "between jumps," with meals at all hours and, one suspects, a bit sketchy. As for the training of Bobbie and Baby—Mrs. Vernon does wish "she had more time to attend to them. You can't bring children up right when you're working all day."

Next door is the office and salesroom of the Central Lumber Company, with its yards stretching back beyond the edge of the village. Bill Van Kirk is its owner; Ruth Van Kirk, as every one knows, is its manager. Ten years ago, Bill faced bankruptcy, though his knowledge of lumber was known to be excellent, his "hunches" on buying particularly keen. Something more seemed to be needed. Just about that time, Bill had the good judgment to marry Ruth, teaching discontentedly a discontented sixth grade. And now the books of the Central Lumber Company show a balance so good we all are terribly curious as to just how much it is, with the Van Kirk's new house and two cars a fair indication. Sales have not really increased so much; the point is, that Ruth keeps one bright eye and one small finger on everything that passes. It is she who prevents the quarrels among the men that once made the labor turnover of the Central Company notorious. It is she who sees that prospective buyers are not forgotten, that collections as well as payments keep up-to-date, that records are accurate, that supplies are listed and stock kept on hand. She could not run this prosperous business without Bill, but every one knows that Bill made an indifferent job of running it without her. Their two little girls and their home are the pride of both, but it is cheerful widowed Aunt Jen who is actual housekeeper. Ruth, once a (*Continued on page* 53)



"The Banner Garage is a woman-run business. Widowed Mrs. Horne and her not-so-young daughter have been . . . making a success of it for years."

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Rather Worse

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

IT is as though a stranger in New York should ask a traffic officer: "How can I reach the Grand Central Terminal?" It is as though the traffic expert should reply: "To reach the Bronx Zoo, take the Third Avenue L."

"I do not care to reach the Bronx Zoo," the stranger might, conceivably, protest. "I want to go to the Grand Central Terminal."

The traffic officer would answer: "After I have directed you to the Bronx Zoo, I shall refer you to one of my colleagues. He will direct you to the Woolworth Tower." So in turn the stranger goes first to the Zoo, next to the Woolworth building, after that to Grant's Tomb, and perhaps finally to Flatbush. Meantime there is grave danger that he may have missed his train—or at least that he will be unable to get a Pullman reservation—by the time he arrives at Grand Central. All this extra running to and fro, with the final disappointment, is almost certain to make him feel rather worse.

I have never met such treatment at the hands either of traffic guides or of rapid transit conductors, in the city with the splendid skyline. On the contrary I have been advised concisely, accurately, and with unyielding firmness by these official Samaritans. "Moind now, kape to the roight!" I have been told; and if I have wavered weakly leftward, I have been set *right* by a stentorian shout from the rear and an autocratic arm waving in the direction of orders previously administered. And, knowing what is good for me in New York, in the end I have nearly always obeyed.

All this is about doctors. I must be quick, in order to finish before any of them turn me over to the above-mentioned guardians of those who get their left hands and their right hands mixed. To strengthen the argument already presented, let me introduce Case X, a component case, several individuals rolled into one lady as it were, a middle-aged lady with heart palpitation. The reason it is heart palpitation is that this malady is an affliction caused by something indirect, something remote and inner or even inmost, and in the instance of Case X, something indeterminable.

Mrs. Case X is not a lady who enjoys being ill. She has rather a gallant determination not to lapse into chronic invalidism. She is humiliated over being so frequently ill and she feels somehow to blame. She is a lady who loves not only life but living. Her gallantry leads her to carry her chin high, to let her eyes twinkle, to keep her voice gay, and to crack brave little jokes about her bad feelings. Wearied by solicitous inquiries, she sometimes exclaims: "In order to express adequately the way I really feel, I should have to be a man, and a very profane man." Many people have not been altogether sure that she was not spoofing. She has the added misfortune of being a trifle stout, which makes her look better but feel rather worse.

Physicians, fooled by her determined humor, are inclined to cheerful unconcern, not to say skepticism, when she lists her pains and cites their locale. She could, if she would, give up and look as miserably sick as anybody; but she won't. She is too game. So, rather hurriedly, the doctors direct her to the Bronx Zoo or the Woolworth Tower, as the case may be. As a consequence, when she is very sick—that is, so sick that she can't lift her head off the pillow—a doctor is the last person on earth whom she can stand to have around. She cannot endure, when she feels so badly, having her blood pressure taken again, being told that it is low, that her pulse is high, that her heartbeat is too rapid. Like the small boy who said, all in a breath at the beginning of his call, "Thank-you-please-nosir-yesma'am-I've-had-a-nice-time," she could tell the doctors all these things in a minute and set the work of treatment forward by perhaps three visits.

It is granted, in fairness, that Mrs. Case X's attitude of discouragement puts the doctors at a disadvantage. They never see her when she is most ill. One physician, unable to catch her in a heart palpitation, had her lie back on his table, then sit up quickly, lie down, and sit up again. "I want to see that heart act up a little," he explained. She, being game, continued to lie back and sit up rapidly until the heart accommodated him; then, as was its custom when well begun, it was *not* half done, but continued to act up for its own amusement for five or six hours longer. After which she felt rather worse for several weeks and did not see a doctor again till she felt strong enough.

Once, accused of never having a physician till she got over needing him, and feeling too sick to argue back, she nodded her consent to have one called. He happened to be out on another case, and after that, he had to have his lunch, and then his office hours; and all, unfortunately, without notifying his patient that he would be delayed a number of hours. Altogether it took three calls and seven hours to secure him. All the time the heart acted up enthusiastically, knowing it was quite safe from any interruption.

THE doctor was overworked and very tired, but the chief trouble was that he could diagnose Case X at a glance. It was glands. "That is my theory about all these cases," he explained, pouring a bottle full of pills and writing out the name of another kind of pill. As he wrote he described, smiling and succinct, the way she felt. It would have been such a comfort if she could have exclaimed, "Here is some one at last who *knows!*"

But she could not. Weakly she essayed once or twice to correct him; her heart did not behave as he described, and she did not feel as he said. A friend who had observed her in several attacks tried to second her corrections, but the gentleman whose theory was glands imperturbably continued his account of the way hearts conducted themselves when it *was* glands and left, saying: "She will be entirely quiet in a quarter of an hour." The heart, bold indeed by this time, did not heed him, but improved its speed and cavorted tipsily for seven hours longer. After which Mrs. Case X felt rather worse again and took the pills with very weak faith—and faith is so necessary if any pills are to work—for she said: "If these are to cure the feelings he described, how can they cure the very different feelings I have?"

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In something more than fifteen years, Mrs. Case X's malady was laid to:

1. *Teeth.* The doctor said so. The dentist, less certain, agreed that it was nearly always a good thing to have teeth out. Their extraction and getting new ones may be blamed for a whole year of feeling rather worse. One loses something in a year of continuous nagging discomfort—something that seems never to come back again, when one is past middle age. The new good teeth did not chew as well as the old poor ones; and the malady persisted.

2. *Eyes.* After the prescription was filled by the large optical firm to which the medical traffic officer had referred his patient, the new glasses were so unsatisfactory that Mrs. Case X continued to wear the old ones for five years longer. The doctor said, when he saw them, that he would never have accepted the new ones; but Mrs. Case X had spent all her strength reasoning with the opticians, unavailingly, and did not recuperate sufficiently to confer with the doctor again for some time.

3. *Tonsils. Sinus Trouble.* No one got very far on that tack, but until convinced, several failed to progress in any other direction.

4. *Vertebrae.* Some tangible accomplishment here, at least some *felt* relief, when Mrs. Case X was well enough to seek this help.

5. *Autointoxication.* The patient was brought back to this by every third doctor. The favorite prescription was a bottled remedy from the corner druggist. Usually Mrs. Case X could take about six bottles before the beneficial effects had decreased to zero. Once she complained: "I'd rather pick out my own patent medicine, if that is all that can be done for me. At least I could pick one that had not already failed."

6. *Diet.* One said: fresh fruit and vegetables, especially orange juice, tomatoes, lettuce, cauliflower. The next said: no oranges, no tomatoes, lettuce, nor cauliflower. The next said: omit all meat—not finding out in time that Mrs. Case X had been a vegetarian for many years.

7. *Kidneys.* But the tests all denied it.

8. *Various Contributing Causes.* The physicians who examined to make sure decided that none of them, after all, could be factors. Several, too sure to bother with investigation, continued to advise the patient in the conflicting directions of their contradictory theories.

9. *Nerves.* Alibi of the futile physician. Mrs. Case X knew that she had them. One cannot live more than half of one's life without having a certain emotional structure built up, built for the most part by external circumstances outside one's personal control. Neither can one explain the background of one's life to strange, new, preoccupied doctors (Mrs. Case X. to make the argument stronger, had had to live in several cities new to her, during these years). She had known herself intelligently most of her life, but only one doctor bothered to inquire into this acquaintanceship.

MRS. Case X was not the temperament that could blazon in front-page large heads to a stranger: "I am lonely. I gave my life to bringing up children, who grew up and left me, and then others took my home away. I know, without being told, that I need old friendships, serious interests, incentive, compelling life-work; but how can I undertake these, or seek for them, with so worn a body?" She could not say this even to the virile young specialist who stopped one instant in the midst of his bustling formulae, and queried suspiciously: "You haven't got *nerves,* have you? Perhaps your nerves are making all this rather worse."

"No doubt they are," she agreed without hedging. "And perhaps all this is making my nerves rather worse, too."

Meantime, she *hurt,* in many places. For periods of months she could not dress for the street nor walk three blocks without excruciating exhaustion. Having several times collapsed in public, in spite of her unusually strong will power, she came to fear making efforts, or taking risks.

Now this only slightly exaggerated case of Mrs. Case X, comprising several only moderately imaginary persons, is in essence true. Some doctors, apparently, start out not with the forthright and single purpose of making a patient well, but with the somewhat oblique motive of proving a theory, a theory of teeth, tonsils, autointoxication, glands; to demonstrate, in short, the way to the Bronx Zoo or to Flatbush.

Mrs. Case X had had doctors of another kind, so she knew a difference. Her homesickness for the alert, personal, friendly attention of "home town" physicians may have complicated her reactions. There were undoubtedly doctors with the "home-town" spirit in the cities she lived in, doctors whose unadulterated aim was to heal bodies and assuage wounded souls, as well. These are not classified in the directories of large, strange cities.

I would have a doctor, well-equipped with charts and compass, face every new patient as an adventure, not an adventure in demonstrating a theory, but an adventure in healing. For nothing matters in a world that is sick of being sick and honestly desperate to get well, except that the dreams of fullness of life shall be realized. Whether a surgeon adds one more appendix to his titles is immaterial. There was once a surgeon who collected the appendices of his wife, his daughter, the newborn babes of his close friends, most of the society leaders of the city, and the business magnates of his state; and it all profited him really very little.

BY way of consoling contrast, take the true story of an old specialist who had only one theory, the simple one that he must cure every case that came to him. As his specialty was something externally apparent, though the internal causes might be legion, nobody came except those who did have the visible malady. That gave him a head start. In his own department of healing, however, there was room to subspecialize on a hundred theories: rays, serum, tummy, teeth, and most of the very same things that cause heart palpitations. In Case Y, this physician decided early that two hours' daily commuting on a subway was a chief contributing cause. He prescribed no subways. But one cannot walk ten miles twice daily; and subway fares may be less expensive than suitable living quarters in some more convenient section. That doctor did not continue to sing "No subway. No subway." There was a period when it almost looked as though he would himself buy or build an apartment house in the right place, to have his prescription carried out. But from his theory of subways he went on to other prescriptions internal and external, varying these as he observed results, splitting his fee (justifiably large because of the reputation his grand old commonsense had won him) in order to gain more time to watch. All the while, results did grow more and more evident, so that Case Y did not lapse into the discouragement of Case X. In the end he won a cure, a friend, another rustling little leaf for his already over-foliaged laurel.

"Hold on," cries angry Mr. Criticized Doctor, at this stage. "You seem to have been arguing, so far as anybody can make you out, against specialization. Yet you cite as your only instance of a physician who succeeded, a super-specialist."

Who is arguing against specialization? Not I; I argue for it.

The solution is this. Every city should have an adequate number of health buildings. "What city does not have public clinics?" asks Mr. Doctor. (*Continued on page* 51)

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Two Portraits: Italy, Novecento

By SIGNE TOKSVIG

I

THERE is no need to be more specific than to say it is the twentieth century in a great city of Italy.

He is a middle-aged man, of sedentary complexion, bending over a desk in a large office with typewriter and card-catalogs. The walls are decorated with party emblems and signed photographs. He is high in the confidence of the Fascist party, and he has got fat in it. For a man with a paunch and a pudgy, pearshaped head, seated at a desk, it is not easy to imitate a martial statue in bronze, but by dint of scowling he arrives at a certain effectiveness. One must impress these foreigners. I am, of course, instantly impressed, and he sinks back into comfortable fatty folds. Not a bad man, probably, certainly not one of the violent "bravi" which every dictator is fated to use no matter how noble his aims; this rather amiable creature was not put here for any will-to-violence.

He does not leave me long in doubt as to his function. He is a megaphone for the true faith. At the obligatory question as to the aims of Fascism, he pulls himself again into the heroic mould, and begins to boom sonorously, sending over me superb breakers of oratory.

I hear about the now proverbial trains that run on time, about the sweet and unanimous tranquillity in the Italian parliament, about the happy, never-striking workingmen. Italy works, and is at peace, this is his leit-motif.

Fascism, he declares finally, stands for three things:

Law—everybody without distinction must obey the law, the Fascists exist to enforce that principle, and thus there is order in the country. *Ordine,* he leans heavily on the word, in basso profundo.

Secondly: Discipline—iron discipline, and that means, of course, obedience. Unquestioning obedience.

And thirdly—he gazes toward the ceiling and points a finger up—thirdly there must be Faith. The crucifix back in the schools. Faith in religion, in Something beyond mere humanity, in God!

He scowls for yet a few seconds, then lets go, smiles and says he feels sure that all good Americans will understand and sympathize with what he just has said.

Retreating and opening the door I murmur something that might be agreement. "Italy works"—he is again bending over his papers, bald head shining under the electric light.

I depart softly.

II

OF the second portrait it would certainly be incautious to say more than that it too is from the twentieth century in Italy, and that she is a woman of singular beauty. To find her, to bring her letters from exiled friends, has been a tedious business of timidly inquiring the way, of finally facing a worried and suspicious concierge.

The maid is none too confident either, but after a good look at me and my evident harmlessness, she admits that the signora is at home. I, naturally, expect a little excitement at my appearance, but this young woman who rises from her knitting to shake hands does it as placidly as if I had always lived around the corner, and she takes the hectically concealed letters as if that too were a matter of normal routine. I feel distinctly deflated. I sit down, rather at a loss, murmuring polite excuses for the intrusion. Her lips barely shape an answer.

Is she cold? Is she of marble? There is not a ripple of expression in this face of pure beauty, noble, severe, sad-lipped, an ivory contrast to the geranium color of her dress. But it takes only a moment to see that here there is no placidity. She is frozen, not indifferent, and she is so because she has to be. When a hasty glance at a letter assures her that I can be trusted, she reveals her situation in a cool, level voice, and indeed, she needs to guard her energy, both for the child she is carrying, and for the reason that so much tension, so much anxiety, would wreck her if she let it be expressed.

SO, quietly, she says that since the last attempt on Mussolini, life for non-Fascists in this city has been frankly hell. Her husband, a distinguished man, opposed to violence, is now "on the run" as would have been said in the Ireland of Black and Tan days, hiding around in different places, unable to come home, knowing that the house is watched. She dare not seek him out, she too is watched. If she wishes to see any one, she has to go to untold trouble to confuse the spies. The concierge is a spy. He has to be. The new Fascio orders are that every concierge must be licensed, and if he does not act the spy efficiently his livelihood is withdrawn from him with the license. Every Fascist headquarters now has an active espionage section. From day to day, from hour to hour, she expects to hear that her husband, whose only crime is a difference of political opinion, has "committed suicide," or that he has been sent to the place at the mention of which she involuntarily shudders—*il confino*—islands unhealthy and poisonous, without good water, where men like her husband are herded with the lowest criminals. But how does she know that she will ever even hear anything? With the "special tribunals" every illegality is now legal.

This is her first and greatest anxiety. It is a smaller matter that at any minute the door may be burst open and her home ransacked and devastated. She says that in this city hundreds of homes have been thus treated. With a pathetic little glance she unconsciously embraces the books, the pictures, the yet unshattered bits of Venetian glass.

The population is terror-stricken, she continues, still wrapped in that chill calm. They are afraid to speak, to whisper. Look what happens to those who are not afraid. Such and such a man who spoke his mind was taken to Fascio headquarters (it sounded like darkest Venice under the Doges) and there he was beaten black and blue, cudgelled until his agony was (*Continued on page* 51)

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Mrs. Sun Yat Sen Flees From Victory

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

WHILE Nationalists of many varieties in China (generals, politicians, students, merchants) are hailing victory and receiving recognition from the great powers of earth, and preparing to join in a spectacular funeral for the dead revolutionist, Sun Yat Sen, in whose name they claim to conquer, the widow of Sun Yat Sen who shared his many exiles, struggles and disappointments is enduring again a lonely exile in Europe. She is surely the strangest of all the exiles that Europe harbors. For the victorious Nationalists, far from driving her out, sought by force and persuasion to prevent her departure from China. Even now they seek her, hoping to induce her to return and share in their honors.

But she flees them. Incognito, and in straitened circumstances, living in inexpensive pensions in Berlin or Paris, she avoids the emissaries sent to recall her to ease and prominence. The honor they offer she regards as the betrayal of all her husband lived for; the Chinese groups she still communicates with are those who are being suppressed and slain by the victorious Nationalists. Among the varieties of Nationalists mentioned above, you will note generals, politicians, merchants and students, but no workers and peasants. It is because of the suppression of these last two groups that the widow of Sun Yat Sen fled from victory.

The victory and prestige offered her and from which she flees are no inconsiderable ones. From end to end of China today, her husband is given honor almost beyond that of mere mortal. Great meetings open with three bows directed to Dr. Sun's portrait, and the repeating of his last will. The Three Principles which he proclaimed—Peoples Nationalism, Peoples Government, Peoples Livelihood—are the texts on which every Nationalist claims to base his politics, though they are most variously interpreted. Nor is position as widow of the "Father of his Country" the only path to prominence offered to Soong Ching Ling (the personal name of Mrs. Sun). As a member of the Soong family, she has connections in all official Nationalist circles. Her brother, T. V. Soong, is the well-known minister of finance who signed the treaty with the United States Government whereby the new Nationalist Government was recognized. Her brother-in-law is Chiang-Kai-Shek, the victorious commander-in-chief. Through family connections as well as through her own abilities, there are few avenues open to women to which she might not aspire in the new government. She refuses; she breaks politically with her family—a remarkable act for a Chinese woman. She sends a telegram to her victorious brother-in-law denouncing his break with Russia and his suppression of peasants and workers, and stating that when she returns to China it will be not to take part in his government, but on behalf of the masses.

MEANTIME gossip pursues her. Unable to purchase her allegiance, her former associates try to blacken her name and prestige with slander. She is rumored married to various persons in Russia and Germany; any prominent Chinese revolutionist who seeks her out to work wth her may be alleged her new husband. This is a peculiarly insidious form of detraction in China, where the remarriage of any widow is a sore loss in dignity, and where for the widow of Sun Yat Sen to find consolation in a lesser creature would be considered an insult to his memory. The woman who, of all the Chinese I know, is most beautiful and gracious, and who is still in her most charming thirties, is doomed by her own high past to future loneliness. Yet the rumors follow her, though there has been not a shadow of fact to excuse them.

Even these slanders are perhaps not so annoying to her as other rumors which constantly deny her the possibility of independent judgment. It is perhaps not only in China that women are refused the credit of their own opinions. "When I make any statement," she said to me in Paris, "they will not concede that I, a woman, can have an opinion. All my opinions have been influenced, it seems, and usually by Moscow."

AS one who has known Soong Ching Ling for many years—in Shanghai, in Hankow, in Moscow, in Paris—I can bear witness to the slow thoroughness with which she forms opinions and the enduring tenacity with which she holds them. I remember the circumstances under which she sent the telegram from Moscow to General Chiang-Kai-Shek denouncing his break with Russia and his suppression of mass movements. To most Chinese it seemed no doubt that a woman who could send such a rebuke to a man who was a great general and her brother-in-law, must be out of her mind and under the influence of the Bolshevik devil; to most Russians, on the other hand, the courteous Chinese phrasing was insufficiently brutal in dealing with a "counter-revolutionist." But neither any Chinese nor any Russian friend suggested this telegram to her; she wrote it on her own initiative and unaided. I happen to know that the two men most popularly supposed to be dominating her action (Michael Borodin, former Russian adviser to China, and Eugene Chen, former Foreign Minister in the Nationalist Government) did not even know of the telegram till they saw it in the newspapers. Yet they were staying in the same hotel with her, and a friendly consultation might have seemed most natural to any person not instinctively independent in forming decisions.

This independence she has shown from early days, though it is an independence so masked with quietness and modesty that it comes as a renewed surprise on each occasion. For she is a thoroughly Chinese woman in her shrinking from startling or aggressive action—sensitive, dignified, keenly aware of even slight variations in the social or political atmosphere. Yet under extreme pressures I have known her again and again to refuse assent under force or persuasion, to take time for inquiry, then to make her decision, and thereafter to hold it against bitter attacks. We Americans might like to flatter ourselves that her American college training gave her some of this independence. But her

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brothers and sisters, given the same training, have none of them followed in her path.

HER first open act of self-determination was her elopement to Japan to marry Dr. Sun, breaking a betrothal that her family had arranged and scandalizing all, since no girl of her position ever broke a betrothal. Joining this revolutionary idealist many years her senior, she followed him from land to land and now devotes her young widowhood to carrying out the ideals they once fought for together. It is in the interpretation of these ideals that she diverges sharply from the present victorious Nationalists, who also claim to be following the great leader. Since she holds this difference seriously enough to have chosen exile in place of a high post in victory, it is worth while knowing the point at issue, when most of the world today unthinkingly identifies the Nationalist success with the triumph of Sun Yat Sen.

SOONG CHING LING
widow of Dr. Sun Yat Sen

Briefly then, the principles on which Dr. Sun in his later days reorganized the Kuomintang, or Nationalist Party, and to which Soong Ching Ling still holds, demand the widespread organization of peasants and workers as a basis for governmental power. Since this principle is also held by the Chinese Communist Party (which, in a later stage, would go further), it is also essential to cooperate with these communists to obtain rapid and wide mass organization. Since this principle is also not dissimilar from the Workers and Peasants Government of Soviet Russia, who have made important experiments in workers' and peasants' organization, one must regard Soviet Russia as a friend. It does not follow that one becomes a Communist or completely copies the Soviet scheme; one regards these groups as allies, while working out Chinese problems in accordance with Chinese conditions.

Such were the tactics adopted by Dr. Sun in the later years after repeated disillusionments with the incessant conflicts among the merchant and professional elements which till then composed the Kuomintang. On the basis of these policies the Nationalists expanded with strength and swept across half China. The first advance, which reached the Yang-tse River nearly two years ago, was in only the smallest degree a military triumph. It was a triumph of the rapidly organizing peasants and workers, who brought the armies north. Military defeats were turned into victories when sympathizing peasants led the Nationalist armies by secret paths to their enemy's rear. Shanghai was taken—not by any armies, but by the organized workers of Shanghai who seized her arsenal, drove out the northerners and gave the city, a week later, into the hands of the southern troops.

The first advance was therefore a worker-peasant advance. It worried the world, and called forth the armed forces of Britain, Japan, America—just as the worker-peasant victories in Russia had previously done. But the second Nationalist advance of the past year, which took Peking, was a capitalist advance, financed by the bankers of Shanghai. Its victories were won by soldiers, not by revolutionists. Americans recently returned from Nanking comment on the delegations of bankers and business men from Shanghai, and say that the problems discussed were those of business, with no mention of the Chinese masses. It is not without reason that the powers of the earth have been startlingly quick to recognize this government.

THE generals today in power among the Nationalists have not merely ignored the peasants' and workers' organizations. They have actively suppressed them, some with extreme bloodshed, others more shrewdly. They have expelled all Communists from the ranks of the Kuomintang Party, and have broken all relations with Russia, throwing out even trade representatives, banks, and transport steamship lines. They have suppressed "anti-imperialist boycotts" which the Kuomintang two years ago initiated. Their policy is that of the Shanghai businessmen—to pacify the land under western-trained officials, so that business as usual may resume. This, if it can be achieved, is without doubt an advance over the arbitrary militarists such as Chang Tso Lin, with his court of concubines and feudal pomp. It leads to a capitalist China, with Chinese merchants fighting for place against foreign capital, under the ordinary methods of business competition. But it says no word of better conditions for the starving peasants paying over half their crop as rent, or the over-driven and hungry workers undergoing the hell of the uncontrolled industrial revolution. Or rather, the few words it does say are words of suppression.

It is for this reason that Soong Ching Ling breaks with her old associates as they rise to power. She does not believe they can build the revolutionary government that has been promised to China. There are among them, she said, too many conflicting selfish interests. The "practical politicians" of China and elsewhere will no doubt dismiss her as an impractical idealist, or (*Continued on page* 49)

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INDUSTRY

Wood carving by Otto Gutfreund, Czechoslovakia

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This Machine Age

By LILLIAN M. GILBRETH

"AN auto is an extension of personality," I said at the breakfast-table the other day. One of my boys put down his oatmeal spoon and looked at me. "Then why don't you run ours?" said he. "Because," I answered, "I need to restrict my personality, not to extend it." "Right," said he, and took up his oatmeal spoon again.

Another son looked at me quietly but said nothing. But after breakfast he stopped me in the hall to say, "Mother, I've been wanting for a week to tell you, there's a Ford downtown Bill and I can buy for twenty dollars, and since you think an auto is an extension of personality"—and that was that! He bought it, and I think his personality has extended over most of the neighborhood and town since, for every one seems to have contributed parts to reconstruct the machine.

I had been visiting one of our Jersey plants when I had the experiences that made me start the breakfast conversation. I got to the plant during the noon hour and watched the men as they came in and started up their machines. We hear so much of slavery to machinery but these men, as they started their powerful punch-presses and lathes and grinding machines going, were not slaves but masters. They had the look of belonging and of being at ease. They grasped the levers with a firm and sure touch, and looked at me as much as to say, "Watch what my machine can do."

I spent all afternoon in the plant and saw—as I have seen now for so many years—production pile up, and the satisfaction of the worker increase with the heaping up of the product. I saw his pleasure in the quality of the product, too. If I stood watching long enough, he was sure to hand a finished part or piece to me or the man who was showing me through the plant, and perhaps a micrometer as well, so that we could judge for ourselves how closely he and his machine were coming up to specifications. I shared his patient or impatient disgust at a breakdown, followed his detailed explanation of how the machine worked and why it acted as it did, and noted his final pat of approval when it was in running order again and back to work.

THIS particular factory is one of a chain stretching all over the country, which manufactures household necessities and advertises extensively, and I could sense, as I talked with the workers and their foremen, a pride in the extent and power of the company, and in being part of such a big thing. There was pride in the product as well, for in a show-case—not where customers or visitors would see it but where the men themselves were in the habit of going in and out to work twice a day—was a collection of the finest things made in the plant. Probably no man in the lot did more than make some few little parts of one of the things displayed, yet he had a chance to see and be proud of the finished thing which he had helped go through one stage of development.

I watched this same group late in the afternoon as they left their machines and went home. Were they slaves leaving a taskmaster and happy to be free? They certainly did not look it. Most of them, as they shut down the machines for the night, lost the look of power and creativeness they had had and became simply ordinary, tired people, ready for an evening's rest or recreation. That is the case with all of us after the right kind of day's work, whether we run machines or not. But as I went out into the shop yard with them, and watched them climb into their waiting cars, I saw the look of power and its satisfaction come back to them. Each one settled himself into the driver's seat with a comfortable, easy slouch, started his car surely and swiftly and was off for home. And I thought, "It is not true that machinery, rightly constructed and operated, hampers individuality and free self-expression. It can be and ought to be a vehicle for these."

SINCE then I have been looking at machine operators everywhere. Take, for example, girls at typewriters and adding-machines. It is true, of course, that if one is physically so constituted that to keep quiet long is annoying if not agonizing, then being tied down to a machine is as aggravating as being tied down to anything else. If the job that the machine helps one to perform is mentally not stimulating enough to hold one's interest, the poor machine naturally gets the blame, and if one is emotionally so unadjusted that the rhythm that most machines demand is an annoyance instead of a satisfaction, one naturally regards that machine as a taskmaster. To a person who has been able to adjust himself physically, mentally and emotionally to the job, the machine that plays a part in it usually becomes an adjunct to himself and very often reflects him. If he is fit and tidy and ready for work, so is it. If he has adopted or adapted special methods and motions, it has gradually become worn in such a way that it performs these motions most efficiently. The typewriter of the speed typist, which has become so much a part of her that she will use no other in the contest; the trowel of the skilled bricklayer, which nothing will induce him to give up because he has worn it to just that shape that suits him best; the handle to the hammer of the model-maker, which shows the worn mark where his thumb and first finger have pressed during the hundreds of thousands of times he has used it; these illustrate this extension of personality. It is true trowels and hammers are tools and not machines, but they embody the same principle.

It is quite natural for the reader to ask at this point, "How about the factories where the worker has nothing to do but tend machines, where he sits hour after hour and day

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after day doing the same thing over and over again, often sinking into a reverie of some sort, until he is jolted awake to feed or oil or repair the powerful, demanding creature which has the right to his attention but never gains his interest?" There are, of course, machines like this and too many of them, but they are of an older type whose inventors thought of transferring skill from men to machines but did not get to the point of teaching the men some other skill to take the place of the one the machine had taken away. The inventor of the newer machinery, or the engineer who supervises its use and discovers the best work method, have given the worker the opportunity to develop the newer skill. Elliott Smith brings this out admirably in his book, Psychology for Executives. He describes the setting-up of machines in groups of two or three or more, which can all be run by one worker, and rearrangements of set-up which make him inspector as well as operator, and other changes which result in a great alteration of his psychology and make him again as he was in the days of the craftsman—a person who *makes* things, rather than a person who tends a machine by which things *are made*.

THERE seems to be a general and a new realization that operation of machinery may make a man grow rather than dwarf him. One of the New York theaters has been showing a little sketch called The Spirit of Labor. It is a very simple thing, but most effective. Against a background suggesting rather than showing a big industrial enterprise stands a man, clothed in black, with bare head, arms and feet. One hears the grinding and shrieking and whistling and all the other sounds of various types of machinery, and to each he responds with rhythmic, characteristic motions, but they are not the motions of Metropolis, which show fear and fatigue and finally despair. They are motions of mastery and ease and satisfaction and achievement. Most interesting of all is the shadow of the man as one sees it behind him on the wall. It is larger than he, much larger, and somehow it creates the impression, as it bends and sways and finally stand erect with extended arms, that the work he has done has caused him to grow and to dominate just as it does.

We have all heard, of course, that the new attitude toward machinery which I am trying to describe—the friendly feeling—is evident abroad as well as here, and that Italy has established a "society for prevention of cruelty to machinery," which parallels our activities in preventing cruelty to animals. Listen to Mussolini, in a recent article in The Saturday Evening Post: "With my father I went to work to learn the mechanism [of the steam threshing-machine] and tasted as I had never tasted before the quiet joy of becoming a part of the working creative world. Machinery has it fascinations, and I can understand how an engineer of a railway locomotive or an oiler in the hold of a ship may feel that a machine has a personality, sometimes irritating, sometimes friendly, with an inexhaustible generosity and helpfulness, power and wisdom."

I MYSELF have seen this feeling in Italy among workers at machines, but I have seen it too in Switzerland and Germany, France, Holland and England, so that I am sure that it is not the result of a national bent or any political or industrial set-up but of a world-wide realization of what machinery can do to create not only things but people.

It seems futile and even foolish to try to imagine what the world would be like if machines were done away with. Things which were unknown, then rarities and luxuries, have become through machinery widely distributed, cheap and available, and finally necessities. Without machines, they would inevitably become luxuries again, which would mean that most of us must do without them entirely. As for those who operate the machines, a few of them perhaps would cheerfully go back to the slower processes of hand work, but many of them could not do this and more of them would not. They have become too addicted to speed and the satisfaction of quantity production and the exercise of power.

We must not forget, either, that we have achieved quality production as well as quantity production, by the use of machinery. No one who has spent time at the Macy Exposition of Art in Industry can fail to realize that machinery is making it possible for the large majority of people everywhere to have in their homes things which are not only cheap and easily obtained but appropriate and beautiful and characteristic of this age.

It may be that I am only painting the bright side of the picture. That is not because I do not know the other side. It is rather because I feel we have too much emphasized failures instead of successes. If we frankly acknowledge what the engineer who invents and supervises the machine can do, then we shall stimulate him to correcting his failures and duplicating his successes.

Is it an accident or a coincidence, or is there some cause-and-effect relation between the growth and use of machinery and an appreciation of the beautiful? I do not know. I do know, though, that we have felt too long that the hand-made thing is necessarily beautiful, and the machine-made thing necessarily ugly. We need more investigation into skills and satisfactions. If the highest form of skill bears always, as Pear of England has said, "the mark of individuality," and if individuality is one of the indispensable things we expect in a work of art, surely the machinist may develop it as well as the craftsman.

A GROUP of graduate students in social economy have devoted a major course to an investigation of some phases of this subject in the machine shops of Philadelphia. With a fine training in economics and psychology, but little or no experience in engineering or machine-shop practices, they have spent a day a week and sometimes more out in the plants, studying work processes, talking with workers, and trying to find out just what machinery has done to work and to workers. They had no preconceived notions; they have come to conclusions identical with those I have tried to express here, and their conclusions are based upon careful records of what was done and said at the work place and during the work periods.

Like it or not, we are living in a machine age. Most of us have been born into it and are adjusted to it and probably love it whether we acknowledge it or not. It will be an added joy if we can be proud of it as well as happy in it, and know that our pride is well founded. When I watch my small boys start the motors and "sail" their boats, I am not ashamed or grieved that they have not made them all by hand, but proud that they have made them in the school machine shop. I like to know that they are learning the feel not only of tools but of machinery, for it means that ultimately they will feel at home and adequate, not only in every industrial plant all over the world which it may be their good fortune to visit, but in a machine age which expresses its thoughts and emotions and drive for activity in the tools and equipment which they are learning to feel a part of their very selves.

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New Chapter in the Opium War

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

IT MIGHT be a momentous thing—the coming into force of the Opium Convention adopted by the Second International Opium Conference at Geneva in February, 1925. Anyway it sounds important, and only time can show whether it is or not. Last June—with the ratification of Holland and Canada—the necessary number of adherences was reached; under its own terms there was to be a lapse of ninety days after the last of the indispensable ratifications before the convention should be in force. So, about the time of the issue of these pages—that is to say, September 27, 1928—the so-called Geneva Convention, thus distinguished from the Hague Convention of 1912, becomes a part of international law as affecting its signatories.

Within three months from that date, it will be the duty of the Council of the League of Nations to appoint the much-discussed and hopefully-anticipated "Central Board," whose principal duty it will be to watch the international traffic in narcotics, collect and distribute among the governments information concerning the illicit traffic especially, and . . . well, its opportunities to render valuable service in the war against the abuse of narcotics will be very great, even within the notably grudging restrictions placed upon it by the convention. What it will really amount to in the showdown remains to be seen.

THE Central Board is to consist of eight persons, "who, by their technical competence, impartiality and disinterestedness, will command general confidence;" they are to represent fairly the producing and manufacturing countries on the one hand, and the "consuming" countries on the other. They are not to hold any official position putting them in "direct dependence" upon their governments; which may mean much or nothing. Their term of office is to be five years, with eligibility for reappointment. The Council of the League of Nations is to provide for the organization and working facilities of the board; the secretary-general of the league is to appoint the secretary and staff, but upon nomination of the board and subject to the approval of the council.

The governments signatory to the convention thereby agree to furnish to the board at intervals duly set forth, information as to production, manufacture, stocks on hand, etc. The principal function is thus described:

Article 24; *Section* 1. The Central Board shall continuously watch the course of the international trade. If the information at its disposal leads the board to conclude that excessive quantities of any substance covered by the present convention are accumulating in any country, or that there is danger of that country becoming a center of the illicit traffic, the board shall have the right to ask, through the secretary-general of the league, for explanations from the country in question.

Section 2. If no explanation is given within a reasonable time or the explanation is unsatisfactory, the Central Board shall have the right to call the attention of the governments of all the contracting parties and of the Council of the League of Nations to the matter, and to recommend that no further exports of substances covered by the present convention or any of them shall be made to the country concerned until the board reports that it is satisfied as to the situation in that country in regard to the said substances.

And so forth, with due provision for appeal to the council and other forms of dissent, even up to the World Court. Incidentally, it is the "friendly right" of any of the contracting parties to draw the attention of the Central Board to any matter which requires investigation: provided that this is not to be construed as enlarging the powers of the board.

PRETTY tame, and without teeth it seems, to be sure. No powers at all, except to snoop around and from time to time say "Tut-tut! Naughty, naughty!" After that, the nation under suspicion or reprimand, and everybody else as well, is free to continue to do as before if so minded. And as for those nations which are not parties to the convention, the solemn document, and the board which it creates, might just as well not exist.

But you must remember that in international affairs there is no lawful power to compel a nation to do anything it doesn't want to do. Even to keep its word. There is no source from which such a board could derive any powers, or any nation get authority to enforce its opinions upon any other. No words written into this convention would have given "teeth" to the Central Board.

NEVERTHELESS, with the coming into force of the Geneva Convention a new chapter opens in the history of the anti-narcotic warfare. Beyond a doubt, it is a step in advance. However feeble or even corrupt the Central Board might be at the outset in personnel, technique or permitted scope of action, it will always be possible for aroused public opinion—even for one determined person in the Council or the League Assembly—to compel forward steps, widening powers of investigation and publication, more effective cooperation among the nations. The step can hardly be retraced.

The important thing now is the character of the board. The kind of integrity and intelligence ostensibly contemplated by the convention is none too plenty and cannot be had cheaply. The salaries should be such as to enlist persons of the highest character and attainments. There is not much enthusiasm in the League Assembly for this new organism, and the poorer nations already have protested against being saddled with this expense. It is quite possible that the first appointees will be mediocre or worse, and that for a considerable time the board will function in routine and unimaginative fashion; acting, to all practical ends, as the Opium Advisory Committee in the main has acted, more as the protector of a form of commercial traffic than as an agency of holy crusade for the protection of humanity.

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THERE are two opium conventions now—not to mention the special one of the First Conference relating only to "prepared" opium. The Geneva Convention purports substantially to supersede the Hague Convention of 1912 as among the parties to it. But the Hague Convention remains in full force and standing, as between the United States and every nation which was party to the Versailles Treaty of Peace. Signing and ratifying that peace treaty *ipso facto* involved accepting the Hague Opium Convention, to which the United States was a party, even though it did not accept the Treaty of Versailles. No nation has a right to abrogate that Hague Convention without the consent of the United States, to mention no other of the original signatories. The United States has not ratified, and probably will not ratify the Geneva Convention; but stands pat upon its rights under the Hague Convention.

Central Board or no Central Board, the Hague Convention still binds every party to it to a course of action which if honestly carried out would go far to meet the narcotic evil. Every one of the great producing nations, now putting forth upon the world the floods of manufactured narcotics, is pledged under various articles of the Hague Convention to *limit manufacture* of narcotics to legitimate needs. There is no honest way to evade that intent. And no additional piling-up of international writings or special organizations can enforce that intent, within individual countries or internationally. I have heretofore quoted the pungent words of Sir John Campbell, at the ninth session of the Opium Advisory Committee. Those words were true, and covered the whole case:

> By the Hague Convention the individual governments assumed definite obligation to limit the manufacture, sale and use of these narcotic drugs to legitimate purposes, and to cooperate in the fulfilment of these obligations. The governments have not done this. . . . Neither the League of Nations nor the Opium Advisory Committee has any power to compel sovereign nations to keep the word they already have solemnly given.

AT THE best, the Central Board can only gather information to confirm and reiterate what everybody already knows, namely, that manufactured narcotics are produced in quantities not merely beyond the legitimate needs of the world, but prodigious almost beyond imagining. Figures discussed at the last meeting of the Advisory Committee showed actual *seizures* during eighteen months of more than *five tons* of illicit morphine, cocaine and heroin. It is well known that in ordinary smuggling not more than 10 per cent is detected. In drug smuggling the captures are far less than that, owing to the small bulk of the material. But, using that figure, we have upward of fifty tons of smuggled drugs. The Advisory Committee has been informed that between 1921 and 1926 the production of morphine alone doubled; from thirty to sixty tons. Yet of morphine alone the world's entire legitimate need does not exceed fifteen tons. It is a dreary and disheartening story. It is hardly too much to say that thus far not the slightest progress has been made in restricting either the output as a whole or the overwhelming illicit distribution of it to addicts all over the world.

Meanwhile, both manufacturers and smugglers grow more canny. The evil is always two jumps or more ahead of the remedies. A new organization of the producers in Europe seems to be redistributing the centers of production, with a view perhaps of removing from Switzerland a disrepute under which that otherwise clean little country has been growing increasingly restive. There are signs that the government of Germany is "getting wise" to the same as regards its own production. The activities of Signor Cavazzoni on behalf of Italy in the Advisory Committee, which have been outlined heretofore in these columns, seem to be bearing fruit in a general discomfort among nations hitherto obtuse. Now we have Spain showing signs of awakening. A new narcotic-control law has come into being, and Spain demands a place on the Opium Advisory Committee, and will certainly get it.

ONE of the most interesting developments in this field of late is the resignation from the League Secretariat of A. E. Blanco, who from the beginning has been at the head of the Opium Section. Probably no person of any nation or position is so well-informed about every aspect of the narcotic question as Mr. Blanco. For nearly thirty years he was in the Maritime Customs Service in China; he surrendered his priority and right to retirement-pension, etc., in order to join the League Secretariat, thinking that there he could better serve the "anti-opium" cause. From the outset he has been the brains of the secretariat in this particularly difficult branch of its humanitarian activity. Convinced that, foot-loose, he could better serve the cause to which he has devoted the better part of his life, he resigned and has established at Geneva the "Anti-Opium Information Bureau." I know all the circumstances, and I know Blanco, well enough to say with complete confidence that the league has not lost the technical knowledge which is still at its disposal; while the anti-narcotic cause has gained greatly. Incidentally, Blanco is of Spain. It would not surprise me to find his country's representative in the Opium Advisory Committee fighting side-by-side with Cavazzoni of Italy for the real measures so obstinately blocked by the "old guard" in the committee. Giving technical advice, with untechnical inspiration on the side, is one of the best things that Blanco does.

Burrs under saddles, spurs into thick hides, information to awaken sleeping peoples to their increasing peril—these are the needs of the day and long days to come. International conventions are well enough, if and when nations are sufficiently alive, and governments sufficiently sincere, to carry out their promises. Direct attack, in enforcement of such laws as there are and enactment of new laws, in seizure of illicit narcotics in internal and international traffic, must still go on. But at the last only aroused public conscience and informed public intelligence can accomplish anything substantial. To this end advisory committees, central boards and whatnot other official agencies, voluntary organizations and enterprising, intelligent individuals, spreading information throughout the world, all contribute. The war has only begun; thus far there have been no victories save those of the common enemy. We shall wait now to see whether the new Central Board is a reinforcement or another futility.

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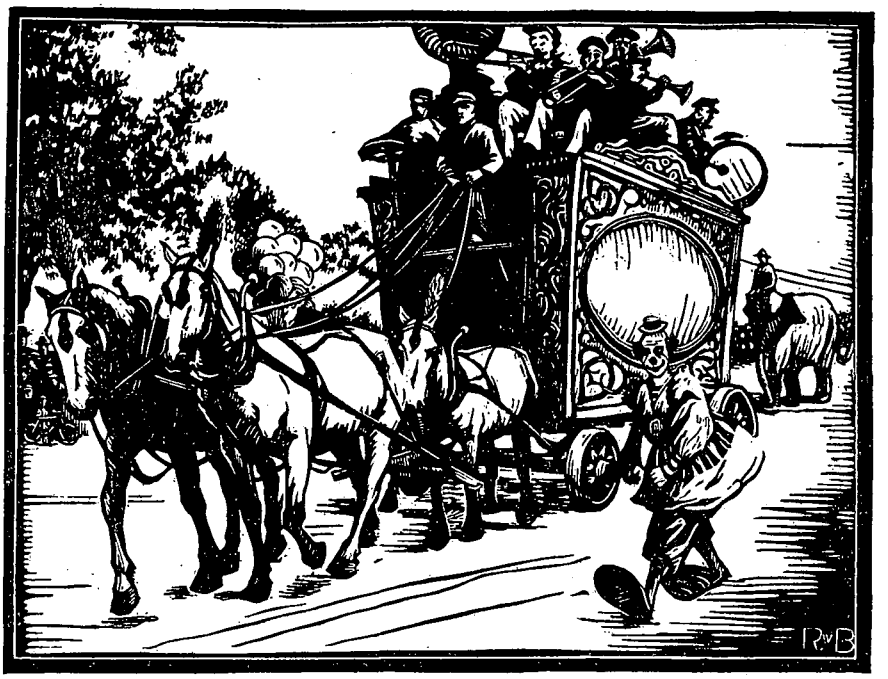
Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE



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The Band Wagon, from a block print by R. W. Bugbee

My Party: Right or Wrong

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY: A HISTORY, *by William Starr Myers, Century. 487 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY: A HISTORY, *by Frank R. Kent. Century. 568 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
TAMMANY HALL, *by M. R. Werner. Doubleday, Doran. 586 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
THE "ALSO RANS," MEN WHO MISSED THE PRESIDENCY, *by Don C. Seitz. Crowell. 356 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
DRIFTING SANDS OF PARTY POLITICS, *by Oscar W. Underwood. Century. 452 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY, *by Alfred E. Smith. Edited by Henry Moskowitz. Harcourt, Brace. 392 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
HERBERT HOOVER: A REMINISCENT BIOGRAPHY, *by Will Irwin. Century. 315 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

THE naïve citizen who still has hope for town-hall democracy will find much of cheer in this flood of new books on politics. It certainly looks as if public interest is again turning to the printed page for political light. But the cynical citizen can also draw cheer because there is plenty here to confirm his suspicions that democracy is going flat. Certain it is that the public is reading. We might add, *and how!* Allowing for a little palaver, the dominant trend in these books is toward realism, showing up democracy for the sentimental, vacillating wench she is. While it would be difficult to generalize on so varied an array of books, we may say that throughout there is a studied endeavor to turn the spot-light on the doings back-stage.

Dr. Myers' history of the Republican Party proves to be rather dull reading, but he has crammed in oodles of fact. It reminds one of the histories we used to have to study in school, full of dates, names, and chronology. Dr. Myers is professor of politics at Princeton, but unfortunately that has not helped him much in his efforts to be scientific. Once he gets away from arranging his data, he turns eulogist for the subject of his book. The last ten years of the history of the Republican Party he handles with great tenderness. The Harding reign he looks upon as unfortunate. He suspects that Harding died prematurely, not of apoplexy as reported but of a broken heart. He is sure that the party is back on sound footing, thanks to the quiet wisdom of President Coolidge.

Kent's history of the Democratic Party is not so laden with dates but it is certainly readable. We must grant that he had the easier party to write up. Its story is long and colorful. Since the Civil War, the Democratic Party has been outside looking in most of the time, and thus without responsibility it has been free to caper. Since 1856 there have been but two Democrats in the White House, Cleveland and Wilson, each of whom was reelected. Kent believes that even in defeat the Democratic Party has played a consistent and useful role as public conscience. Ultimately it will come to power, and then he expects it to play no greater part in public life than in the recent investigations of election frauds, oil frauds and department-of-justice doings.

Tammany Hall by Werner is a scholarly piece of work. It represents months of careful research and yet it is free of the drag so common in a book based on documents. One of the errant sons of democracy, Tammany is coming in for a great deal of unfavorable scrutiny because of the nomination of its favorite cub as Democratic candidate. If we were to judge Smith's fitness solely on his connection with Tammany and to base our judgment on Werner's book, he would have to be ruled out. Bad as Tammany is we find ourselves wondering whether, urban government being what it is, it is any worse than other machines in other cities. Also, how can you run government in cities without the machine? Werner doesn't go into this. He is satisfied with an entertaining story of Tammany, and it reads like a pirate tale.

SEITZ has a good introduction on Our Presidents, giving in concise and tart phrases a review of the men from Washington to Coolidge who got into the White House. The remaining eighteen chapters are on the men, from Burr to Bryan, who fell by the way. On the whole he has written an excellent supplement to American political history. Some of the "Also Rans" were colorful and capable men, others were only colorful. Aside from the historical value of the book, and the fact that it is delightful reading, we find ourselves forced to the conclusion that picking good men for public office by popular vote is at best no more than a fifty-fifty proposition.

Senator Underwood—if he ever was a politician—has, with this book on Drifting Sands of Party Politics, lifted himself out of the class. He asks who runs the government. Here he jolts the naïve citizen by pointing not to the "peepul" but

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to bureaus controlled by interests and to organized minorities. He might have said the Anti-Saloon League and the power lobby, but he doesn't get so specific. That is one of the weaknesses of the book—he doesn't point the accusing finger as does Odegard in his Pressure Politics. It is a book that ought to be available for all students of party systems.

Moskowitz, who has brought together and classified a collection of Governor Smith's addresses and state papers, is one of the armor-bearers in the Smith camp. While that may have something to do with the selection of material, it doesn't invalidate the method, for there is plenty here to give one a notion of the kind of person Smith is and how his head works. As we read, we find ourselves impressed with the man's ability to hit the nail on the head so that any child can understand what it is all about.

This Hoover book by Will Irwin is an act of brotherly love. The two were schoolmates at Stanford and have been lifelong friends. The first part of the book, where Irwin tries to review "Bertie's" childhood, should not have been written. It doesn't ring true like the later chapters where the paths of the pair meet and run together. One puts the book down with the feeling that in Hoover's rise there has been a happy union of capability and luck. One also wonders how the man who as engineer ran projects here, there and everywhere, is going to fare with the politicians if he gets elected. Irwin says that "Hoover does not make any one do anything—he inspires volunteers." Whether he can inspire Congress is a question, but there is no question about the major theme of Irwin's book: That Hoover is a practical man and no provincial.

NELS ANDERSON

Seth Low Junior College

Sad Caravan

THE ROAD TO BUENOS AYRES, *by Albert Londres, translated by Eric Sutton. Boni & Liveright. 251 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey*

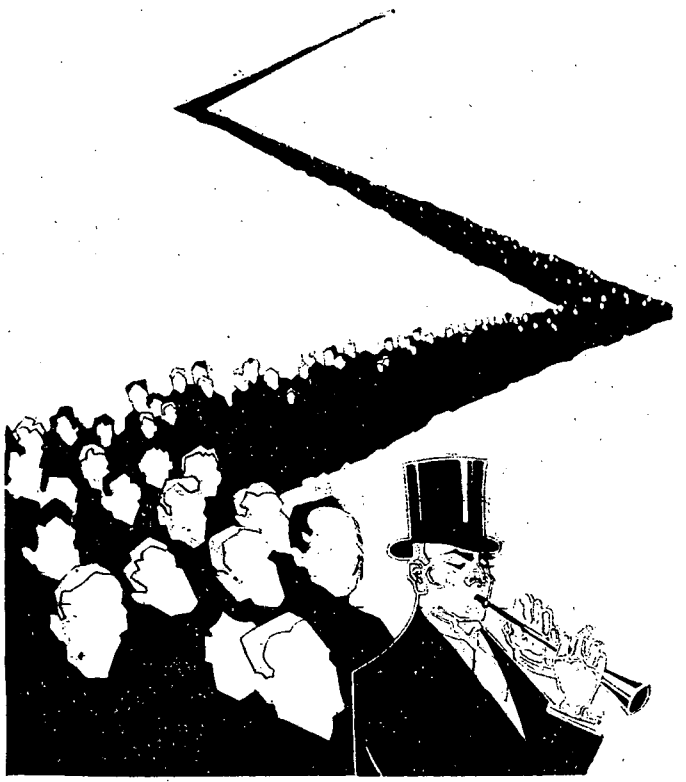
M. LONDRES, Parisian journalist, joined the white-slave caravan that travels from the towns of France and the Jewish quarters of Polish villages via Paris and Marseilles to the *casita* (or "houses") in the great Argentine seaport or its prairie hinterlands. His story of "the Center," the organization of pimps and procurers, in this unique, ironic, and bitter book, is a kind of human-interest appendix to the League of Nations' reports on the white-slave traffic (see The Survey, January 15, 1928, p. 486). His findings are startling but not new in basic outlines—for this is a very old road. But he proves—in sharply-etched scenes and studies of real people, done in clipped French that is admirably caught in translation—that in this frontier and backward land, with its Latin standards of morality and its hordes of flesh-hungry men, there flourishes that ancient industry of selling women's bodies. He indicts not the slavers, nor even the slaves, but our civilization which in spite of its wealth and pretence can find no way of satisfying the hunger of poor women or the passion of young men without risking their bodies and souls.

Aside from its literary brilliance, the book is most valuable for its precise and apparently authentic details on the economics, organization, and technique of the white-slave industry. These men buy and sell women and live on the profits; they fulfill contracts, quote prices, even grade their goods—"an underweight piece of baggage" is a girl not yet of age who has to be transported to the Argentine secretly with the connivance of crooked police, steamship officers, and port officials. These girls hide in ventilators and live in the dark. There are "hunters" in France who provide the girls, and a system that distributes them into the "houses" of Buenos Ayres (one is permitted on each side of the block!) or to the Campo, or the terrible polyglot inferno, La Boca, the port. The *caftane* may own a half-share in a woman, or "double," or become a "three-kidney man." There is honor among them, and a credit system. They pay taxes (graft, to be sure) to the police. They set the woman up in a house and she recognizes a sort of marital right toward her "man." They stand, in a way, *in loco parentis*, sometimes providing tutors for the girls, and often making a regular remittance from the girl's earnings to her family. To increase their incomes, they go back to Europe for "remounts."

These gentlemen know the law of supply and demand: The system is based finally on the visits at from two to five pesos each. One girl had 402 her first week, though the average is only thirty to thirty-five daily. She earned $1,145.70, according to M. Londres. In five or six years the *Franchucha* may clear fifty to sixty thousand dollars, and even "earn her discharge." Some of them return with their men to respectable bourgeois lives in France. Most don't. They end in La Boca. The budget provides for capital investment (the girl at, say, 30,000 francs), rents, fines and remittances to parents. It does not enter the invisible costs to society in crime, disease and ruin.

On the women, M. Londres is inadequate; he gives a reporter's view and a man's. He finds them docile and honest. But what the girls are and what happens to them are never really discussed. The clinical picture is incomplete. The final disintegration of disease, drunkenness, perversion, dope, and living death is not pictured. These women seem dumb, acquiescent, neuters almost though clothed in female flesh. "I am not happy, but I am not unhappy," is their philosophy. We need more study of the psychology of the type. Their clients are dismissed as a human mass driven to satisfy a hunger as they might in a cafeteria, at bottom empty of passion as the tides.

The *caftanes*, or procurers, are not great lovers or even handsome. "Their qualifications are not physical, but mental." M. Londres declares that to enjoy comfort without labor is with them a principle of conscience. In this they are anarchists. But as captains of a precarious industry they become middle-class conservatives who frown on disorder because it is bad for business! The Poles of La Boca have a kind of pope who rules and collects regular graft for the police. In the end they are the kind of men who live off women. "In France one cannot live off a woman in much comfort; in England (says the Center) one can." In the Argentine one can get moderately rich. Vacabana, the Moor, rides in a Packard with a



From the jacket design for Political Behavior, by Frank R. Kent (William Morrow and Co., Inc.)

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chauffeur. Rita made the fortunes of four men and ended as wife of a minister of state. "That's what we can make of a woman when we have a free hand, and they're worth taking the trouble with," says the Center.

M. Londres, reporter, yields neither to sentiment nor to disgust. He has the fatalistic Continental tolerance for the frailty of the human race. "The true facts don't always agree with religious or social principles. Perhaps you will think it hardly moral to find happiness when you looked for slavery." So he finds an ironic humor in the odd domestic relations of this unique social set. Yet in his endeavor to be humanly charitable (and readable) and to avoid fanatic lamentations over any sense of present sin or future damnation that these realists never feel, he does not spoil his pictures by presenting the concrete consequences on the body and soul of *Franchucha* or *caftane*. Nevertheless his scientific dispassion cannot conceal his noble hatred of the terrible system, or the savage bitterness of his attack upon our civilization that breeds such horrors. Indeed part of his indictment is that however terrible is the destiny of these women it is not altogether worse than what they faced in France or Poland. "There a poor little tart; in Buenos Ayres, a fine lady." Neither happy nor unhappy—and *not* hungry, he adds. For his final chapter is a fierce cry that it is hunger, cold, the desire for a little joy that sends 80 per cent of these girls on the road to Buenos Ayres. They are "unfortunate"—the rest may be vicious or sick in mind.

"The pimp creates nothing: he only exploits what he finds. But he knows where the goods are made. He knows the mighty factory that breeds the raw material; and that factory is called Poverty. . . . As long as we allow the pimps to take our place and offer the mess of pottage, the white-slave trade will exist. The responsibility is ours. . . ."

LEON WHIPPLE

The End of An Era

SWAN SONG, *by John Galsworthy. Scribners. 360 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

ANOTHER Golden Book has come to a close. And Soames Forsyte lies dead. He was the last of his generation; he marked the turn of the family tides. They will not find his like soon, though the race current will persist in them since such a strain runs too strongly to be lost. Yet one feels that it will not function again with either the same direction or decision as it did in those early Forsytes, bone true to their constant selves. By virtue of a sympathetic insight which is his special gift, Galsworthy traces the pattern of the younger group of Forsytes, assembling them like bits of mosaic set in the confused design of our days. Then, over and against the gropings and obscurities of this age of discontent, he carves that chip of the old block, hewn heroically from the solid rock of England—"old Soames" Forsyte.

Time and change wear away soft stone, rub it to a smoother surface, partly the slow erosion wrought by life. So it would seem in the instance of these young people, viewed in the round. With the exception of Fleur, in every sense her father's daughter, they are a milder lot. They lack edge. How different the fiber of that stoical materialist, Soames, even though his tenacity of purpose and deep-rooted passion availed him naught save scars, beaten in the long run by the free spirit of Irene—essence of grace—lost to him by his own hand. And if earlier we found it hard to forgive him the defects of his nature, now he emerges slowly, consistently, admirable in restraint, tragically inarticulate as always, magnificently human in his capacity to suffer and to endure—in the end to die—for the sake of his bright flower, Fleur.

As for Fleur, she is what he made her. Spoilt and stubborn, she remains the clear image of her father's defeat. Upon her fell the autumnal fires of his pent-up longings and so—she knew no other will than her own. Cheated earlier in her choice of a mate, doubly possessive because a Forsyte, she was blind and deaf to all save the deep impulse that drove her toward Jon, newly home from America. It happens in an ironical world that delight and disaster come to people in the old, old ways. And afterward? Well, "the bird had been shot with both barrels and still lived; no one with any sporting spirit could hurt it further." It was over.

Likewise the Forsyte Saga. And as shapes melt into shades, the mood informing the whole grows luminous. It is a Swan Song moving with a rhythm, a sweep inclusive of birth and death, a gamut of rapture and pain. Hence it belongs not to any age but to the common lot of man. We share their loves and hates. Our egoism is their egoism; our sense of property no less confirmed. They pass as we pass, shadows in the crystal ball. Illumined by wisdom and compassion they come to life for the last time, while Galsworthy remains himself pure crystal.

HALLE SCHAFFNER

Science We Can Read

THE LAST JUDGMENT, *by J. B. S. Haldane. Harper & Brothers. 41 pp. Price $1.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
THE STANDARDIZATION OF ERROR, *by Vilhjalmur Stefansson.* 83 pp.
CULTURE—THE DIFFUSION CONTROVERSY, *by G. Elliott Smith, Bronislaw Malinowski, Herbert J. Spinden and Alexander Goldenweiser.* 106 *pp.*
SCIENCE AND POETRY, *by I. A. Richards.* 96 *pp.*
ECONOMICS AND HUMAN BEHAVIOR, *by P. Sargent Florence.* 95 *pp. W. W. Norton & Co. Price $1.00 each postpaid of The Survey*

HARPER'S Things to Know series, and Norton's New Science Series, are to be welcomed as decidedly worthwhile additions to the pocket-size literature of modern knowledge. Both publishers have selected subjects of wide interest among more or less educated people, have commissioned competent authors and have experimented with promising new forms of treatment. The volumes mentioned above are interesting samples. Each of them is, in a way, both sensational and entertaining; but none of them is cheap.

Haldane, for example, has managed to present "a scientist's vision of the future of man" by employing in a new way the device of utopian retrospect. He succeeds in giving an account of the future of our planet in relation to other planets which is neither anthropocentric nor so derogatory of human achievement as to discourage every movement ever espoused in the pages of The Survey.

Stefansson's essay is the most amusing bit of social satire we have seen in a long time; he does not contort his facts but manages to combine them as they are in a glittering monument to our educational folly.

The little book on the culture-diffusion controversy is an experiment in printed discussion. Outstanding representatives of the diffusion theory and of the "independent generation" theory (or rather its less dogmatic offspring) present their thesis and their evidence; and in a brief concluding essay, Goldenweiser raps them both and points out the errors in logic or in the statement of their opponent's case by which they have reached goals seemingly so far apart.

Mr. Richards' contribution is more orthodox in form but very unorthodox in content. He foresees an epoch, in the near future, when psychological research will have destroyed all faith of thinking men in the possibility of factual knowledge and when poetry will either die, with the period of magic in the development of thought that gave it birth, or emerge as the nucleus of a kind of knowledge around which man, freed from false beliefs about himself, can rebuild the shattered edifice of understanding.

Mr. Florence—an economist whose studies of industrial fatigue have given him more than a passing acquaintance with psychology—in a very lively fashion takes all the parts in a five-act play. As the curtain rises, Orthodox Economics struts and pounds its chest. It has survived all its enemies. Behaviorism next has the stage and gloriously attacks. Economics, limping and tattered, returns; but when the outer garments are removed it appears untouched in a vital spot. The plot thickens. Faulty Definition is dragged forth as the real villain. A minor part, Careful Observation, emerges as the agent of reconciliation between the principal contenders; and there is a happy ending.

BRUNO LASKER

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"The House Is a Machine"

TOWARDS A NEW ARCHITECTURE, *by Le Corbusier, translated by Frederick Etchells. 289 pp. Payson & Clarke. Price $6.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

THE AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE OF TODAY, *by G. H. Edgell. 401 pp. Scribners. Price $6.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

THERE is plenty of precedent for beginning a novel at the last page, but it would be an odd approach to most books of esthetic or social theory. Yet there is no better way of attacking Le Corbusier's brilliant study, Towards a New Architecture, than to turn at once to page 289 and contemplate the tail-piece—a photograph of a briar pipe in full profile. For nearly all the Frenchman has to say is said by this witty device.

How does a briar pipe get its mass, its surface, its plan? By a process at once naïve and sophisticated: by being built to perform a function, and then thought through and felt through to the point where its design yields a by-product of esthetic gratification. Apply the same principle to a cathedral, an apartment house, a college dormitory, and you have Le Corbusier's new architecture.

This is a crisp and vital book. Filled with mannerisms—as are most attempts to express an individual esthetic—it remains astonishingly sensible and human. The flourish with which the artist swings at a generalization is—like the drive in golf—redeemed by the fact that the feet are firmly planted. Here is an artist who follows through.

It is this balance which permits Le Corbusier to be equally eloquent about the functional construction which must be the genesis of architecture and the lift of the spirit which must be its end-result. This dual enthusiasm gives the book—which has its roots in an intellectual esthetic—a warmly social quality. He is deeply in earnest about the need of men and women for homes in which they can live as of today, and for the experience of elation which they derive from a pure and fine mass and surface.

The author draws on the work of the engineers for a clue to the quality of our generation; the ocean liner, the airplane, the automobile, even the briar pipe, are for him evidences that "when a problem is properly stated, in our epoch, it inevitably finds its solution." But the contribution of the architects is negative: "The problem of the house has not yet been stated." He offers us, therefore, The Manual of the Dwelling—eccentric at some points, commonplace at others in the light of American standards, and yet well geared to reality. "The house is a machine for living in."

As to the professional contribution which this French architect offers to the solution of the house and town, opinions will differ with the taste of the reader. His "mass-production houses," geometrical units worked out with the most severely practical grasp of modern materials and mechanics, are arresting not only for their frank utility but for a beauty—perhaps a cold beauty—of their own. His imagination is sufficiently agile to have projected a dozen years ago a city built on stilts, so that wires and mains and traffic could be disposed in orderly fashion above ground.

A serious approach to the economics of middle-class and wage-workers' housing in this country brings our own architects to a frank questioning of our established habits of site and house planning and construction. Whether the specific solutions here offered will prove suggestive and valuable in the United States is for the technician, not the layman, to say. But there can be small doubt that the Frenchman's alert and flexible attack, his vigor, and his salutary grasp of esthetic and practical fundamentals, are capable of exerting a tonic influence on all our planning and building.

An excellent foil for this book is found in Professor Edgell's The American Architecture of Today—an urbane, catholic and quite static review of current practice. Four pages out of 401 are devoted to the dwellings of what the author politely calls "people of humbler means."

GEDDES SMITH

The Manual of the House

From Le Corbusier's Towards a New Architecture

Demand a bath-room looking south, one of the largest rooms in the house, or flat, the old drawing-room for instance. One wall to be entirely glazed, opening if possible onto a balcony for sun baths; the most up-to-date fittings with a shower-bath and gymnastic appliances.

An adjoining room to be a dressing-room in which you can dress and undress. Never undress in your bed-room. It is not a clean thing to do and makes the room horribly untidy. In this room demand fitments for your linen and clothing, not more than five feet in height, with drawers, hangers, etc.

Demand one really large living-room instead of a number of small ones.

Demand bare walls in your bed-room, your living-room and your dining-room. Built-in fittings to take the place of much of the furniture, which is expensive to buy, takes up too much room and needs looking after.

If you can, put the kitchen at the top of the house to avoid smells.

Demand concealed or diffused lighting.

Demand a vacuum cleaner.

Buy only practical furniture and never buy decorative "pieces." If you want to see bad taste, go into the houses of the rich. Put only a few pictures on your walls and none but good ones.

Keep your odds and ends in drawers or cabinets.

The gramophone or the pianola or wireless will give you exact interpretations of first-rate music, and you will avoid catching cold in the concert hall, and the frenzy of the virtuoso.

Demand ventilating panes in the windows in every room.

Teach your children that a house is only habitable when it is full of light and air, and when the floors and walls are clear. To keep your floors in order, eliminate heavy furniture and thick carpets.

Demand a separate garage to your dwelling.

Demand that the maid's room should not be an attic. Do not park your servants under the roof.

Take a flat which is one size smaller than what your parents accustomed you to. Bear in mind economy in your actions, your household management and in your thoughts.

"To Be Or Not to Be—"

SUICIDE, *by Ruth Shonle Cavan. University of Chicago Press. 359 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

THIS book deals in an interesting manner with the important subject of suicide. Suicide is defined as "the intentional taking of one's life or the failure, when possible, of saving one's life when death threatens." It appears that there are institutionalized forms of suicide, normal in the customs of Oriental peoples, and then there is the highly individualized suicide of contemporary Europe and America. Institutionalized suicide is suicide which has the approval of the group, nay, is often demanded by it—as in the case of the Hindoo widow who burns herself on the funeral pyre of her husband, or the Japanese warrior who kills himself when his lord faces defeat. The suicide with which this book is mainly concerned is that which has the disapproval of the social groups, and which, in some of the Christian countries, is a crime.

There is an increasing rate of suicide, with the highest rates in Germany and Switzerland. Thus in Germany, Austria, France, Switzerland, and Japan, the suicide rate is 23 per 100,000; in the United States, Sweden, Belgium, Denmark, and Australia, the rate is about 16, whereas in Norway, Finland, Netherlands, Spain, Portugal, Italy, England, Scotland, and Ireland, the rate is 4 to 9. "Below these countries stand the primitive peoples, among whom suicide is almost non-existent."

On the whole, this is a satisfactory book, dealing with a socially important subject in an adequate way. To the psychiatrist there is something missing in the picture, and that

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is the hatred of the self which appears as a cause of suicide in many cases. In many mental states there is an increase or decrease of self-love, self-hate, self-pity, and self-study. Preoccupation and absorption with one's own makeup is dominant in the introverted conditions. The normal attitude toward the ego is a shielding one and the effort is made to judge oneself not too harshly, to rationalize away defects and difficulties. In the mental states leading to suicide, there often occurs a deep and abiding hatred of oneself, and the suicide is a sort of self-inflicted punishment. "I am no good"—"I ought to be killed"—"I ought to die"—"I hate myself"—becomes a feeling of intense vigor and expresses itself in self-murder. The reviewer has had the opportunity to interview people who have seriously attempted suicide and who have failed, and the two most common attitudes, aside from mental disease, have been, first, "Life is too great a burden, because I am sick—old—poor—humiliated, etc.; second, "I do not deserve to live; I am a hateful, good-for-nothing creature." The first type of suicide might be called quasi-normal, in that when the pains of life exceed its joys, it is logical under the conditions of mind to die. The second attitude, that of self-hatred, while it may be logically justified, is, nevertheless, psycho-pathological, and is closely akin to the lowered ego-evaluation of the depressed phase of manic-depressive insanity, and very likely is always a mental disease in its roots. A curious effect of the attempt of suicide is this, that with the exception of those cases where a psychosis has prompted the act, the failure is accepted with a secret joy, as if the emotional distress had received catharsis by the attempt.

The reviewer recommends this book of Dr. Cavan as a valuable social document.

ABRAHAM MYERSON, M. D.

Mother, Psychologist and Engineer

LIVING WITH OUR CHILDREN, *by Lillian M. Gilbreth. W. W. Norton Company. 1928. 309 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

MRS. GILBRETH, an honorary member of the American Society of Industrial Engineers, a doctor of philosophy in psychology, and mother of eleven children, writes this, her latest book, not only as a mother and as a psychologist but as an engineer. The dominating note is that of job analysis and efficiency, a note which will undoubtedly lend much help to some parents and homemakers, but which is probably pitched somewhat too high for the average ear.

The general plan by which Mrs. Gilbreth suggests "living with our children" exacts a degree of foresight and a breadth of knowledge possessed by few people. One gains the impression that the book is rather more a report of how one family—"the family I know best"—lives together, than a book of recommendations to the great mass of average families.

In reading the book one remembers that there are parents, already over-efficient, who introduce record-keeping and exactness of organization into their homes and who, in doing this, succeed only in robbing each other and the children of freedom. These parents, instead of developing a smooth-running establishment, inject elements of tension which defeat the end they set out to gain. With such parents in mind one cannot agree with Mrs. Gilbreth's statement that "no family life worth considering has been spoiled by study."

The statement which follows this one, however, and reads to the effect that "many a family has been wrecked for lack of study," would probably win one-hundred-per-cent agreement from people interested in the study of parental education. To such families Mrs. Gilbreth's book will give extremely valuable help, since it makes clear the value of objective attitudes toward the behavior of both parents and children and gives many practical suggestions for achieving this attitude.

The advocacy of the teacher-pupil relationship between parents and children in the home offers not only objectivity to the relationship but, with its visits to factories, its games of arithmetic, its discussions of art and music, may serve well to supplement some of the deficiencies of formal school education.

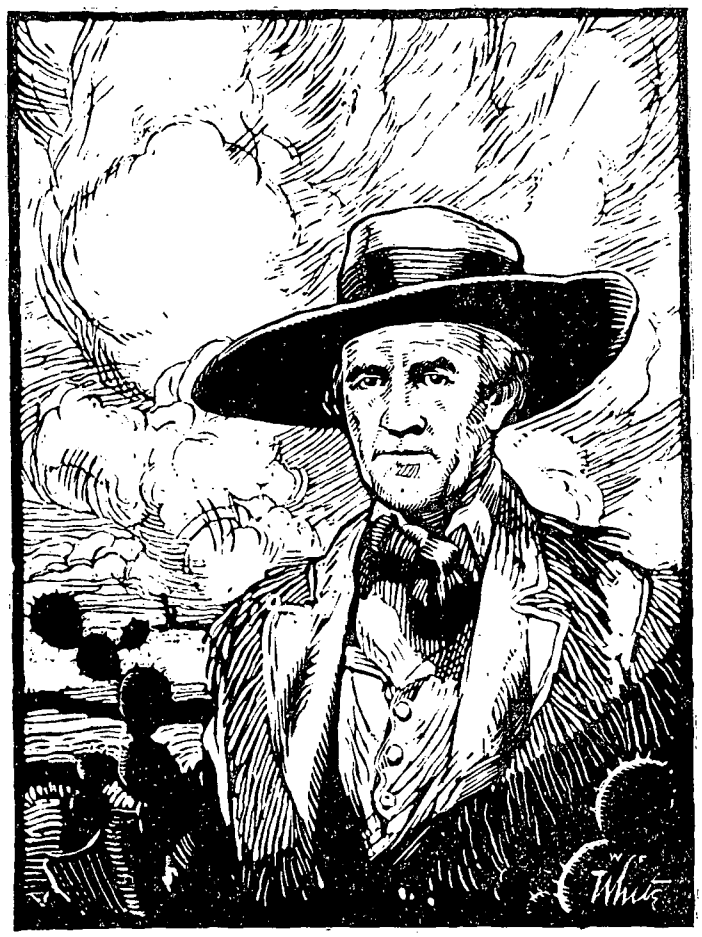
The author's extensive experience with magazine writing makes the style of Living With Our Children pleasant and readable. There is excellent psychology in the chapter on Learning by Doing, and throughout the book are well-balanced statements: "The child should learn that ability to lead implies also the ability to follow;" and ". . . one does not want to curb imagination, but life is easier all around when desires are appropriate."

Many problems of paramount importance are dealt with: the advisability of family councils, of paying children for tasks done at home, of letting children learn by their own experience. Unfortunately the problem of sex has been omitted. One would like to know what this mother of eleven would have said about it.

Near the end of the book there is a discussion of friendships outside of the home which serves to alleviate the impression that Mrs. Gilbreth's plan would make of the family a closed corporation receiving too little from outside its own boundaries and giving too little to other interests.

On the whole this program for "living with our children" would—if followed in spirit, perhaps, rather than in letter—lead our children, not, as one reviewer has said, "to some gentle sanitarium in the country," but rather to an understanding of people and a breadth of knowledge which would make for desirable social and economic contribution.

E. LEE VINCENT



From the jacket design for Sam Houston: Colossus in Buckskin by George Creel, Cosmopolitan Book Corporation

Prophet of Art in Work

THE SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY OF WILLIAM MORRIS, *by Anna A. von Helmholtz-Phelan. 207 pp. Duke University Press. 1927. Price $3.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

THE contrast between the leadership of the British and American labor movements in the last quarter of the nineteenth century is one striking impression gained from Anna A. von Helmholtz-Phelan's work on William Morris. This book reveals the intellectual quality in the British movement almost wholly lacking in its American counterpart. Not the least of these intellectual leaders was William Morris—Oxford student, painter, architect, decorator, manufacturer, labor leader, and social philosopher. Morris was born and reared in a comfortable bourgeois home and very early planned to take Holy Orders. After two years at Exeter College, Oxford, his interests shifted to architecture. A little later he took up painting with Burne-Jones and Rossetti. But he was destined to

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acquire more than the techniques of his art. A group of his fellow students were aroused over the terrible conditions of labor in the industrial towns, and Morris was soon drawn into their circle. He came to his social radicalism by way of art, and during the next few years was no more shocked by poverty than by the barbaric substitute for art which the factory system had foisted upon the country.

Then it was that Morris saw the synthesis which we call modern civilization. The minute division of labor had reduced the worker to an automaton. The initiative and joy in his work which characterized the Mediaeval guildsman, were crushed out. The worker had no incentive in life, so far as Morris could see, beyond his pay envelop which was pitifully flat. Employers regarded their workers as dehumanized extensions of the machines they tended. The employers had no ideals of beauty, and, consequently, said Morris, they could have no interest in their workers as human beings. Profit was their only motive. Morris determined to found an industry which would restore the dignity of the worker through his sense of responsibility as a creative artist.

The circular announcing the new business was headed, "Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Company, Fine Art Workmen in Painting, Carving, Furniture, and the Metals." It is said that the firm was so successful that half the houses in London felt the transforming influence of Morris. The firm was democratically controlled and operated. While conducting his business, Morris gave much time and energy to promoting the labor movement. He joined in the work of first one reform group and then another. At length his hope of awakening the workers to the deadly meaning of the industrial system began to wane. The workers were so enmeshed in the system that extrication of themselves was impossible except by a slow evolutionary process. This involved improvement in working conditions, shorter hours, better wages and mitigation of the evils of the labor of women and children. Morris discounted the value of this "palliative" work, but he recognized it as advancement. Hardly any but the palliative features of Morris' plans have been achieved; the transformation of the industrial order has not occurred.

Although the significance of Morris lies more in the fact that he lived as he taught than in the practicability of his ideas on a wide scale, we shall note some criticisms of his theories. The same socio-psychological objections can be offered to Morris' theories as to any Utopian scheme; the vast populations of modern times preclude an extensive revival of Mediaeval handicrafts; he probably idealizes the Middle Ages over much and forgets that known gradations of natural ability among men make almost inevitable some social stratification. The cause of art may indeed be the cause of happiness for mankind, and it may be that such joy as Morris believes the Mediaeval artisan found in his work cannot exist under the factory system, but without a great decrease in population the factory system is necessary. Possibly in time population may become stationary; then after a few generations of adjusting, much of the present dehumanization of the worker can be eliminated. But "palliatives" will dominate us for some time yet.

Mrs. von Helmholtz-Phelan has written a fascinating book that every one interested in a happier society will find worth reading.

Indiana University R. CLYDE WHITE

Everlasting Artists

AN ARTIST IN THE FAMILY, *by Sarah Gertrude Millin. Boni & Liveright. 281 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

MRS. MILLIN once more presents with surpassing skill an interplay of emotions grown out of the South African soil. The swift action of this short novel unfortunately has induced an over-simplification so that some of the characters are not quite convincing. Surely, the symbolization of the suffering Kaffir by a black figure on the cross cannot come as a severe shock to an otherwise sophisticated Negro missionary from America. Nor is a family which monthly imports the latest books and magazines from England likely to maintain an uncompromising moral attitude toward illegitimacy (at least not without a little inquiry into the degree of guilt on the part of the woman). The young artist member of the family (other reviewers notwithstanding) I find realistically representative of a type which Shaw has immortalized in The Doctor's Dilemma. But it is a little queer that a man of that temperament should suddenly fall into the conventional race attitude of his environment. All the characters of the story are sketched with tender understanding; the author has managed to cram a remarkable amount of revealing analysis into the paragraphs of descriptive psychology. The theme of race relations runs as a bass accompaniment through the whole story and flares up into some of the critical situations.

B. L.

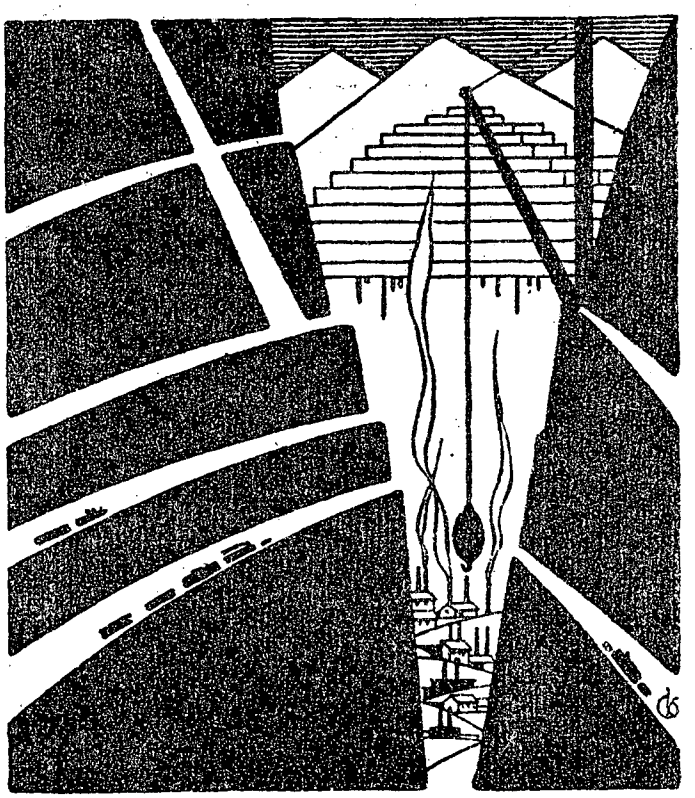
The Future of Prosperity

AMERICAN PROSPERITY: ITS CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES, *by Paul M. Mazur. Viking Press. 268 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

MR. MAZUR has set for himself the task of philosophizing about the future of American prosperity. The chief points which he has to make relate to the discrepancy between the low cost of mass production and the high cost of distribution, the increasing prevalence of hand-to-mouth buying, the tendency to industrial consolidation and the necessity of recognizing the prospect of increasing European imports. He sees in these conflicting tendencies, problems which require the American business executive to think through his operating policies and his general philosophy in a fresh way.

The statement of the present dilemma will not be new to those who have been following recent trends closely. Yet the statement is unquestionably made in a vivid way and will bring these issues to the attention of many heretofore unsuspecting readers. On the constructive side, it cannot be said that the author has to offer any remarkably clear proposals. His advocacy of better merchandising methods and of a drive for consumer loyalty and increasing business consolidation will not strike most executives as new; nor has he explained how these desirable ends are to be brought about. The book as a whole, however, represents American banking thought about our business future, taking a wider and a more statesmanlike view than is popularly held to be possible from the banking community. Its biggest significance lies as much in the source from which it comes as it does in the ideas which it contributes.

ORDWAY TEAD



From the jacket design for The House of Sun-Goes-Down, by Bernard De Voto, Macmillan

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The Cause of Youth

GROWING INTO LIFE, *by David Seabury. Boni & Liveright. 715 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

DR. SEABURY sanctions the cause of youth in a highly sympathetic manner, with considerable sense of the dramatic and an abundance which permits of judicious skipping. There are some admirable passages on familial and parental influences, clear expositions of the phenomenon of family fixations and the normal growth away from them to mature independence. The emphasis placed on the interrelation of physical and mental states and the importance of each for social adjustment is extremely necessary since much of the layman's resistance to mental hygiene is due to the misunderstanding that the mental hygienist sees the individual stripped of everything but emotions. The tendency to schematic presentation, not only by diagrams and tables but also in picturing types, is dangerous to the technically uninformed and one of the weakest spots in the book. "Born criminals" and "degenerated family blood" are terms difficult to reconcile with the modern psychology of human behavior and biological concepts of inheritance. Again, one would like a friendly argument with Dr. Seabury on the dangers of normality and the inevitable morbidness of introversion. The public will probably be soothed by Dr. Seabury's repudiation of the Freudian school though perhaps it would have been more constructive to interpret to his readers their opposition and re-interpret to them the doctrines which after all are not precisely what the general public pleases to think

JEANETTE REGENSBURG

"With No Racial Consideration"

CAROLING DUSK: AN ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE BY NEGRO POETS. *Edited by Countee Cullen. Harper & Brothers. 237 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

PLAYS OF NEGRO LIFE. *Selected and edited by Alain Locke and Montgomery Gregory. Harper & Brothers. 430 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

THESE two new anthologies edited by Negroes of the younger generation testify to the steady progress of the Negro art movement. Cullen, two volumes of his own poems published, is recognized as one of the most promising of the younger poets, white or black. His foreword says, "I have called this collection an anthology of verse by Negro poets rather than an anthology of Negro verse, since the latter designation would be more confusing than accurate." And in a biographical note preceding his own eight poems: "He has said perhaps with a reiteration sickening to some of his friends, that he wishes any merit that may be in his work to flow from it solely as the expression of a poet—with no racial consideration to bolster it up." These words represent, I believe, the feeling of the "new" Negro poets Their themes are often general, and when they are racial they show a strong pride and a searching for the beautiful in Negroes and their lives.

It is no easy thing to be a Negro poet today. If one wants to gain recognition for his work "with no racial consideration to bolster it up," what shall he do about all those Negro themes that keep bobbing up in his mind? A Negro has experiences which no white man can have, and of the sort that burn for expression, But how far can one yield to the urge to express himself as a Negro and still hope to gain a high place "with no racial consideration?"

This anthology, which begins with Dunbar and includes the best works of two score Negro poets plus brief biographical sketches, offers all types of poetry. But among the present generation of Negro poets there appears a tendency to solve their dilemma by transferring that freshness and vigor of motive gained from their racial experiences to their songs of life, love, time, and death—themes at the root of all great poetry. The result is real poetry.

The plays bring together in one volume the twenty best that have been written around Negro life, some notes on the authors, a chronology of the Negro theater, and an excellent bibliography of Negro drama. Among them are the best-known works of the white pioneers in the Negro drama movement, Eugene O'Neill, Paul Green, and Ridgley Torrence.

Negro drama is a younger child than Negro poetry, and it has not yet reached that stage where it asks for recognition without racial consideration. In fact, it is a question whether or not it should try to reach that stage. Negro poets may strive to gain fame aside from, or in spite of, their racial affiliation, but Negro playwrights find their fullest expression,

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for the present at least, only when they stick to Negro themes. Their hope lies in achieving an objectivity in their attitude toward the dramatic situations in their race life, and at the same time retaining that motivating force which close contact with their people generates. They have been too conscious of race and have often tried to work their feelings off in the form of drama. That is one reason why the best plays of Negro life have been the work of white men. As Mr. Locke himself says, speaking of the Negro playwright: "Indeed for the present, the white dramatist is his advantaged rival by virtue of his more natural objectivity toward this special material of the race life and his more intimate schooling in the theater."

However, this volume gives promise that the Negro will soon come into his own. Frank Wilson in Sugar Cane shows an ability to handle race-relation themes without preaching a sermon; Georgia Douglas Johnson's Plumes and Jean Toomer's Balo show the limitless possibilities of the dramatic situations in Negro life apart from the white world; and Thelma Duncan's The Death Dance and Richard Bruce's Sandji, an African Ballet, suggest the intriguing nature of native African material.

GUY B. JOHNSON

Store-keeping in School

EIGHT YEAR OLD MERCHANTS, *by Leila V. Stott. Greenberg. 158 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

ANOTHER book from the laboratory of Miss Stott, which is a class-room in the City and Country School, is another area charted for the modern teacher. This time it is eight-year-olds. Miss Stott's story of how this group of children spent their year has the dignity of a scientific document. It is literal, objective, painstaking and complete. That is, one feels a completeness in its well-rounded wholesomeness, though doubtless much more has been omitted than has been told of what actually went on in the course of this eventful year. The reader feels grateful for the terseness as well as for the completeness, for too many pages of literal transcription of happenings begin to lose their suggestiveness. Miss Stott seems to know just where to stop.

The book tells the story of how a class of eight-year-old children kept a store for their schoolmates, how they handled the school supplies, kept up with the demands of the market, managed their accounts and came out with a legitimate profit. It also tells how the task carried the young merchants into fields of investigation involving as well as the obviously necessary knowledge of arithmetic, interest in geography, history, carpentry and English.

It was manifestly a happy choice of occupation for the age. Between the years of seven and nine, normal children who have had a satisfactory play life begin to turn toward activity involving reality. Interest in such activities as cooking, washing, building begin to replace the more purely play interests of earlier years. All of these, however wholesome in themselves, fail to reach out into new realms of inquiry as does the activity chosen as a year's work for these eight-year-olds. The common sense of the teacher and the school behind her, which is noted for its lack of high-falutin nonsense, has kept the central activity from limiting the interests of the children in any way. Just because painting and modeling, singing and dancing, science and dramatics were not included in the felt needs of the store-keepers, they were not excluded from the year's work. Too often half-baked enthusiasts for the idea of co-relation of subjects permit a central project to limit the activities and interests of a group.

Miss Stott tells without apology of the children's enthusiasm for making a birthday cake and dramatizing an Indian dance. She makes no pretense that these sprang from an all-absorbing interest in running a store, but describes them along with many another childish understanding for just what they were.

One is grateful for the lack of theorizing that usually accompanies books on education. While the account of the children's work is rich in suggestion, the deductions and generalizations are left for the reader. While this may cause the book to be less quoted by professors of education than some contemporary volumes, it adds greatly to its appeal to class-room teachers and all those engaged in actually bringing about a new school world for children.

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If I were to offer any criticism, which it seems ungrateful to do, I should say that I miss the humor which lubricated Miss Stanton's Before Books, from the same school. When children and grown-ups work together in the companionship of the new education, the Olympians must abandon most of the old-fashioned strongholds. "Dignity," "Respect," "Obedience"—at least the capital letters must go from these. But our little jokes—may we not ever so kindly mitigate these sacrifices with a smile, even if of superiority at our less-experienced experimenters with life? Whether we permit it or not, nature will assert itself. Nothing can convince me that Miss Stott did not have many a good laugh during the year's adventures with the group she describes. I cannot quite forgive her that she held out on us this last link of sympathy with Carl, Louise, Estelle, Ellen, Nancy, George, Frank *et al,* with whom otherwise we feel so identified through work and play and striving for the next step.

ELISABETH IRWIN

MRS. SUN YAT SEN FLEES FROM VICTORY

(*Continued from page* 35)

brand her a Bolshevik. But I doubt if these epithets will disturb her, since she has heard them all her life applied to her husband. It is only after the death of Sun Yat Sen that the "practical politicians" have done him honor.

Her estimate of the present government in Peking is especially significant, in view of the speedy recognition accorded to it by foreign powers. Has she perhaps a clearer knowledge than the foreign offices of alien governments of the men with whom she has worked for years? Will they again break asunder, plunging China once more into chaos, or will they achieve unity and stability? They face two problems in the organization of power, aside from the tremendous economic problems of rebuilding and remaking China. First of these is the subordination of the *de facto* military potentates (all somewhat ambitious and suspicious) to a civil control. If this is attained, there remains the problem of what liberties and governmental participation, if any, will be accorded the workers and peasants. Even those generals who have suppressed them most bloodily have done so in the name of national unity, promised "welfare" legislation after the taking of Peking. Thus do all rulers in war time; and few keep their promises. Will the Chinese victors keep theirs, in view of their financial alliance with the Shanghai bankers? If they do not, I know many provinces where they may look for trouble.

Such are the problems facing the would-be organizers of China. Soong Ching Ling excludes herself from their hour of triumph, choosing rather to stand with the suppressed peasants and workers, the strength of whose organizations, today illegal, no one may know. This places her in a position of peculiar isolation, since she is after all not a worker nor a peasant nor a communist, and can hardly return to China to organize secretly among these masses. If she had more of the occidental love of aggressive fighting, one might imagine an immediate path for her. To exact as the price of her return the freedom of workers and peasants to organize, to use constant publicity as the vigilant guard of that freedom, to resign again spectacularly whenever that freedom is threatened—how often have western political parties employed such tactics! But for a Chinese woman, trained in reserve and endurance, how impossible. Nor must it be forgotten that the Chinese press is in the hands of her opponents, and that even while they proclaim themselves the champions of Dr. Sun, they have more than once suppressed papers that dared print the utterances of his widow. The most notable occasion I remember was when she left Hankow, proclaiming that its government had become counter-revolutionary. Few Chinese ever knew her reasons; several newspapers were suppressed for trying to print them.

IN whatever direction across the world her path lies, it will not be the path of compromise that she will take. I have seen her enough to know this. I have seen her in Hankow when old friends and members of her family came to plead with her to leave the revolutionary government and come home to Shanghai, avoiding the political strife between two wings of

To Mrs. Yablonowicz

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Nationalists. They related to her the scandals her isolation gave rise to, assiduously spread by her enemies, and begged her, for her reputation and that of her dead husband, to return to her home. . . . I have seen her later, under the bitterest personal disillusionment, when her brother, T. V. Soong, with whom she had worked in the revolution, came to Hankow to break the revolutionary government there. I have seen her later when she reached Moscow, physically almost wrecked by the pressures used to prevent her journey. And I know that though she may break in health some day under the stresses of modern politics, she will not bend from the path she has chosen.

Nor will her path, I fear, be that of joyously aggressive leadership, for she loves neither fighting nor leadership. It will be, more probably, the path of steady endurance, of slow, underground building, of many misrepresentations and many disillusions—the path her husband also followed. "The Chinese women," one of the leaders said to me, "will in the end go far. For though they are slow to arouse, yet they are more strong to endure than any people in the world."

RANK AND FILE OF THE AIR

(*Continued from page* 8)

with its sleeping accommodations and buffet luncheon service afford as much comfort as a crack Pullman.

While it may still have to search for trained men, the industry is fortunate in having the whole-souled cooperation of the government. What amounts to a bureau of standards for aviation can be found at the Wright flying field near Dayton, Ohio. There standards are being set and rigid inspections made that give the whole industry poise and balance. Engines are hung in huge wind tunnels and subjected to every test that they will have to meet in actual flying conditions. Brigadier-General William E. Gillmore, head of the Material Division of the United States Air Corps, in charge of the Wright Field, has already written his name large in American flying history. He is served by a group of alert-minded young airmen, who make ridiculous the talked-of "bureaucracy" in our governmental affairs. I defy any one to go through the plant at Dayton without acquiring a tremendous respect for the clean-cut job that our government is doing there. Small wonder that the citizens of Dayton, who helped raise the money to start the work of testing and inspection, are proud of Wright Field.

Engine mechanics, plumbers, blacksmiths, and wood-workers —these are the rank and file below the soaring wings of every plane which takes the air. They go about their work with no "ballyhoo" but considerable pride in the job. They know that, unlike many other industries, a mistake in design or construction may well mean sudden and rather nasty death. So they are a responsible bunch, sober, proud of their skill, exceptionally intelligent.

Some one asked about the possibility of organizing the workers in this latest of our industries into trade unions. Enthusiastic as I happen to be for unionism, I must admit that the chances for organizing these workers are remote at the present. In most of the factories which I have visited, the rate of pay is higher than that which union men were receiving in the industries which they had abandoned for making airplanes. While straight-line production with no "whipbacks" is the order of the day, there is none of the deadening rush and monotony which prevails in a large automobile plant, for example. As an engineer said to me, "A day is nothing in our lives here. You never know what new design may turn up, what innovations may take place, and as a consequence I think that the making of commercial airplanes is by all odds the most absorbing job that a modern worker can tackle."

So while the American Federation of Labor is making gestures in the direction of organizing airplane workers, I don't think they will make much more progress in this than they have in unionizing the automotive field, which of course is practically no progress at all.

The brawny young plumber's helper who exclaimed, "This is the game for me. Do you think I could ever go back to plumbing after watching a ship I worked on, hop off?" seemed

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to voice the prevalent psychology of the rank and file of the air.

Some day, of course, the production of twenty planes a week—which is something to cheer about right now—will seem small indeed to those youngsters who are going to highschool today, and the whole industry may become "Fordized." Then, but not until then, will arise the problems of monotony involved in every routine job. But in the meantime there are so many other problems jamming up the front door of every airplane factory that no one inside has any time to worry about monotony.

These are thrilling days indeed for those who take their airplaning seriously. They have good reason to resent the hoop-la and stunty features which are injected by some highly imaginative promoters into this industry. They want the public to have confidence in their products, and the brains and brawn that have gone into them. They are steadily hammering away at reducing the danger factors in air transportation. They watch the figures of lighted airports and airways with the heartiest approval. Every advance that is made in the whole business of safeguarding air travel is passionately claimed by them. It would not be fair to paint them as a group of sheer altruists. Big profits are being made every day in commercial airplane manufacture—and big losses taken as well. And I don't know where you can find a more appealing group of American industrialists than these pioneering men and women who give wings to America.

TWO PORTRAITS: ITALY, NOVECENTO

(*Continued from page* 32)

such that he preferred to take the risk of jumping from the balcony high above the street. He jumped, hung by his hands there a moment, then they shot him through the head and he fell. It was given out that he had tried suicide, but a Socialist working man had come along just at the time that he jumped and was shot, had seen the wound in the head, and he told.

At the same Fascio headquarters, she said, they managed recalcitrant workingmen by putting their hands into letter-presses and screwing them down. And there is always the simple means of letting those starve who won't join the Fascist syndicates, since nobody not in them can possibly get work.

It can't be worse, she ended with a wan smile, as if there were, somehow, consolation in that knowledge. Her husband, a man who proved his heroism during the War, will not try to escape from Italy, in spite of her entreaties. And so she must continue to sit there, waiting, rigid and lovely, not like Niobe grieving for her dead, but like the far more tragic Niobe tensely waiting for incalculable arrows.

RATHER WORSE

(*Continued from page* 32)

I mean not merely clinics for the poor, but for all of us. I mean not "eye, nose, throat," clinics on A Street with "heart" clinics on Z Avenue; but all departments in a single health building. The solution is modeled on our system of public education. Teachers of English do not insist on gathering themselves all into one building where ignorance is treated solely by the study of native literature and practice in self-expression. Those who need a little French, or would profit by mathematics, are not sent to another building miles away. In education there are experts on measurements and tests and methods, superintendents, supervisory principles, district supervisors—the diagnosticians of educational needs and recommenders of remedies. Assisting these are specialists in many branches. Our health building would have at its head an adequate corps of diagnosticians. It would have also stomach specialists, dental specialists, throat specialists, surgeons, mental hygienists, heart specialists, osteopaths, chiropracters, masseurs, x-ray artists, laboratory and research specialists.

When one building could no longer house them all, the division should be made on the basis of the age of the patients to be healed: infant, preschool, and so on up to post-middle age and genuine old age. This might prove a disadvantage, if

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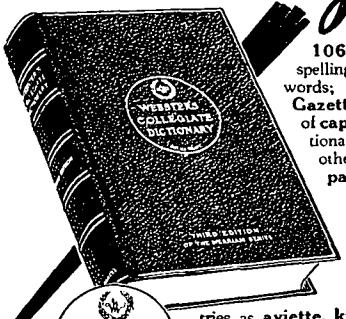

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the splits had to be made too finely. Our best model schools find it advisable to house pupils of all ages from the kindergarten through the secondary-school age on the same campus.

Specialists should treat the age they were most interested in, and a uniform salary schedule should prevail. Doctors of young children should not be underpaid, and neither should old age be counted relatively unimportant. For is it not a trifle wasteful to save babies to gain the experience of life, and then let men and women die or half die before the experience can be utilized for the good of the race and their own satisfaction?

REMEMBERING the primary purpose of *healing*, the diagnostician would try mind, heart, and soul, to assign Case X wisely the first time. He would call in some of his experts in special departments to verify or question his diagnosis. If he should err, after further conference, Case X would be sent to another department. Perhaps one malady after another would be remedied, or perhaps all would work together as teachers do and the whole cure progress at once. At the end there would be only one fee. One reason that the Cases X grow discouraged is that they suffer such a heavy financial penalty for every doctor whose theory is mistaken. If Dr. Diagnostician makes a wild guess, it will be charged to administrative expenses. If school pupils fail to pass, the state bears the cost, except for the extra trousers worn out by another year's squirming. If the failure results from careless teaching, as proved by enough cases, the teachers lose their jobs; as Dr. Diagnostician might. If Case X is cured of a dozen troubles, the bill will be larger than if she is cured of only one; but there will be only one bill, and not twelve, with a general division of profit on a courtesy basis.

Eventually the expense should be tax-cared-for: for the poor, the entire expense, and for the middle class all except the medicine—just as education except the textbooks is paid for by the state. If the rich and sectarian prefer private instruction or institutions, there will always be individuals ready to indulge them.

The cost will be considerably lighter than under our present unorganized system. For example, after six years of "higher education," meaning higher than highschool, with specialization in an institution accredited with being the best equipped to train teachers, and after several years of intensive experience partly under skilled direction, a teacher was paid for her services per pupil about five cents an hour. Part of these services included individual conferences, so that the accusation of cost reduced by ineffectual mass treatment cannot be made. To be sure she considered the rate a bit low and, when she tutored summers, charged three dollars an hour per pupil; but she loved the five-cent job infinitely more and gave it her best. So might doctors.

Could specialists, in health, work together in this millennial fashion? A germ theorist and a chiropracter in the same building? An osteopath and a surgeon on the same floor? There would have to be standards established and enforced, of course. They should be kept high, for the rural districts as for the cities.

In an important city of our nation, a Jewish synagogue was offered and accepted by a Baptist congregation during the time that the latter built a new church. In a certain New England community, a single little white building, with a steeple gleaming like an icicle and tapering with the slim beauty of an upturned thorn, is the place of worship for people of more than twenty denominations. There have been services conducted by an Episcopal bishop, with the collection taken up by a Jewish university student, with a Roman Catholic ushering, and a choir representing sixteen sects. There have been services in which the leading parts were distributed otherwise but just as uniquely. One of the most remarkable things is that a social agency which wished to open offices to do good in that community found that there were no poor. The church was taking care of those few of the population who might have been so classed.

If we have grown thus far in matters that may bear some relation to our eternal destinies, may we not grow also in managing the daily business of this one short stretch on the long road?

Would it not be—rather better?

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WOMAN'S PLACE IN OUR TOWN

(*Continued from page* 30)

discontented teacher, is now a serene and happy "business man." Her office hours, like my own, are hers to arrange (a very different thing from punching time-clocks) but every day finds her on the job early and leaving late.

Mr. and Mrs. Diorio, late of Roma, Italia, live in a few rooms behind their little shoe-shop. Handsome Mrs. Diorio, with the baby in her arms, spends much of her afternoon time at the window or in front of the door, watching the world go by. Her husband does not approve of "womens to work if not need," and cannot understand such persons as Ruth Van Kirk and myself. His wife is not allowed so much as to sell a shoe-string. "House, leetle ones—'nough," her husband declares. "Me, I bring her America for not have to work."

At the Banner Garage one can find almost as wide a variety of articles and services as at a modern drug-store. There is a sales agency for two makes of cars, there are gas and oil to be sold to motorists, and a repair-shop to give first aid; an electrical shop is handled as a sideline. The Banner Garage is a woman-run business. Widowed Mrs. Horne and her not-so-young daughter have been in charge and making a success of it for years. Four years ago the daughter conveniently married; the new husband was at once taken into the business but it is well known that he is clerk and high-class errand boy—Mrs. Horne still is the head.

John Howells is the leisurely proprietor of our one small dry-goods store, where a gasoline station and radio agency are unexpected sidelines. Mrs. Howells keeps the books, helps with the sales, sees that letters are written, and reminds John that the dress-snaps ran out last week and the baby-ribbon supply is getting low. Afternoons are enough for these tasks. Mrs. Howells spends her mornings at housework, and the youngsters meet her in the store after school. But her tongue keeps John prodded up to a bit of effort, her interest in every detail of the shop's affairs keeps loose ends from flying out too widely.

One wonders, seeing the brisk trade at Howard Miller's drug-store, how one small village can furnish so many customers. Drugs (of course) are a minor matter. But candy and soda seem always in demand, not to mention stationery, cigars, school supplies, and a score of other wares. A young woman serves as regular assistant; Mrs. Miller comes in every afternoon to "keep an eye on things," as she will tell you. If it weren't for Howard, Jr., she would be on hand all day. "Men are so unsystematic; they never keep track of orders or anything." Mrs. Miller was a stenographer in one of our nearby cities before she married Howard.

Henry Ryan manages his little store and newsstand without feminine assistance. In fact, Henry's dejected air as he leans against the door jamb leads one to believe that he himself is not rushed with trade. As for Mrs. Ryan, she is seldom seen leaning against the door jamb at home; four children and "taking in sewing" leave little time for meditation.

A peaceful branch grocery store with one man in charge and few customers, and a fairly prosperous farm-machinery shop, bring us to the corner. No women give regular assistance in either of these, though the grocer's wife does occasionally help on a comparatively busy Saturday.

ACROSS the street, what have we?

To begin with, there is our most notorious hotel, with its wide-open bar and perpetual gang of loafers. Here again (alas!) woman's influence is felt. The proprietor's sister does the "upstairs work"; persistent whispers say that this is not her only service to the guests. We wonder how the census has *her* listed?

Our white-haired old doctor and his son manage their practice without women's help. The venerable owner of the grocery next door does likewise; but then, his store is more a club house for Civil War veterans and their cronies than a place of business.

Understudy to the three men in our busiest grocery store is the dignified wife of the manager. Like most of the wives of our business men, she is so familiar with every detail that

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it is a simple matter for her to assist in emergencies.

Grace Perkins serves as part-time helper in Mr. Jenkins' drug-store, Mrs. Jenkins helps out on Saturdays. She has no children, and most of our women wonder "what she does with herself all day.. You'd think she'd take Grace's place and save him that money. If she was in the store most of the time she could help stir up trade, too." Mr. Jenkins is not a noted success at his vocation. Mrs. Jenkins has a discontented air. She once taught in the local school, her father was a minister, and she considers herself just a bit "better" than our village; perhaps she has somewhat the same feeling about her husband's business.

No one finds Mrs. Newman and her daughter Mabel with time or inclination for discontent. Three years ago Mabel won a thousand-dollar automobile in a local lodge raffle. She sold the car and opened the Tourists' Rest. That left her place as head of the telephone exchange open to her delighted assistant, and it meant that our village was to have, at last, a much-needed eating place of better quality than the Lucas lunch-room. Mother and daughter work together on equal terms; Captain Newman (the title comes from his profession as fisherman) fries steak and washes dishes between fishing trips; two women assist in the kitchen. Mabel's investment has proved worth while.

Our fine big red-granite bank, the pride of the village, has its full quota of women on the staff, but they are not "wives"; they are unmarried and salaried. The bankers' own women are among our aristocrats, and find children or gardens or church work sufficient. On this prosperous corner we pause for a thought. Gertrude Crossley has been on the bank's staff for years. She is still young, but past the age when she is likely to marry. President and cashier give her unstinted praise, not for her attention to detail (that supposedly feminine virtue), but for her knowledge of affairs as a rural banking house finds them. "She uses her head just as well as a man would," said the president once, to me—the highest praise he knew. Then why, one wonders, wasn't Gertrude made assistant cashier, three years ago, when there was a general shifting of positions? Why was a young stranger, a man, brought in instead, and she left in her nameless post, out of line for office? She ventured to ask the cashier why. "That's the trouble with being a girl," said he.

WE turn the corner.

Another garage, a small one, has its proprietor's wife for part-time office worker. A man and wife, both on full salary from a chain-store company, manage another grocery. Mrs. Lucas, as has been mentioned, cooks and washes dishes in her husband's lunch-room. The post office has a man as its "master"; assistants are his wife and her niece. One meat market is womanless; in another, the bachelor owner's widowed sister, who is also his housekeeper, is both cashier and bookkeeper.

In the grocery next, a salaried woman serves as clerk and bookkeeper in the place once occupied by the owner's wife; her death several years ago robbed him of free assistance, and forced him, reluctantly, to hire his help.

The bakery, with its too-busy man and wife in charge, has been described. These two German people own much property, but continually buy more; they live in a few rooms above the bakery, and the three children study their lessons between tasks of wrapping bread and counting doughnuts.

Farther up the hill, on the edge of the village away from the main business section, are a canning factory, a textile factory, a feed mill, a trucking company. Women are employed by all but the last of these. This completes our business and industrial census, for our village is near several small cities, whose stores supply most of our needs.

Well, here you have Main Street and Rand Avenue and their women folk, as they are. The moral, if any, is left to you to supply.

A vivid account could be given of the main concern of our rural community, scarcely mentioned here. On the hills outside the village, men and women, sons and daughters, work as partners at the business of farming that keeps our garages busy ordering new sedans, and makes our own newspapers so interesting to publish. But that, as Kipling has copyrighted, is another story.

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FLYING DOCTORS

(*Continued from page* 16)

he runs into. In this persuasive fashion he has also enlisted the interest and support of the Postal Department, which has general control over the Air-Mail Services, and of the Defence Department, through Colonel H. C. Brinsmead, Controller of Aviation, and won the ear of the Australian Medical Association, represented by Dr. J. Dunbar Hooper. Substantial financial help has been given by the Woolbrokers' Association, and the H. V. McKay Charitable Trust.

Meanwhile a parellel problem was tackled by the mission and its friends. To be at all adequate, medical air-service must have easy communication between the flying station and the far-flung settlements and homesteads. At present the only telegraph lines in Australia are main lines, and these give little help to the "far-back." Telephones are rare and the expense of covering such a huge and thinly populated country territory is prohibitive. There remains amateur wireless. Marconi recently stated, in a Saturday Evening Post article, that Australia is well advanced in wireless experimentation. In every country, the general public is chiefly interested in programs broadcast from large stations. But your real wireless enthusiast is keen on transmission, or conversation by Morse code. So as soon as they heard what the A. I. M. was aiming at, a perfect army of wireless men, both official and amateur, began tinkering with their own equipment to see what they could accomplish. E. T. Fisk, of the Australian Wireless Association, made a handsome donation of valuable apparatus. George Towns of Sydney went out with Mr. Flynn as far as Birdsville to make experiments in the field. Alfred Traeger hopped off from Adelaide to Alice Springs on the same errand. Amid the weariness of long hours and disappointments galore, they were at length able to report sending and receiving Morse messages through the air from Birdsville, Innamincka and Beltana, over distances as great as three hundred miles, all from gear hastily assembled and set up by the wayside. They had a wireless station completely self-contained, transmitter and receiver, working fairly well, weighing not over one hundred pounds, and costing under five hundred dollars. They are still on the job, trying to work out a system of "baby" stations everywhere, with a sprinkling of "mother" stations, where competent amateurs will handle messages at certain hours. Talking "slow Morse" will then become quite a common accomplishment.

A "baby" set has been installed at Arltunga, eighty miles from Alice Springs, in charge of the policeman. "I get the prices of all the stock, wheat, wool, etc., for the different settlers who come in. Then there are all the results of the football matches on Saturday evenings, and on Sunday the church services from any of the big cities. In fact I don't like being away and missing any of the great news of the world." This is both a receiving and a transmitting station.

This experimental, amateur wireless means more even than being able to reach the doctor in an emergency. It means breaking up the isolation of the Bush. "The dumb Inland is going to speak, and so be dumb no longer." What telephones have done in bringing folks together in the farming districts, "Poor Man's Wireless" may do for the Outback of Australia.

IN June last year, plans were complete for opening the first flying station at Cloncurry, Queensland. A rather detailed survey of the ground was necessary. Dr. Simpson volunteered to accompany the Rev. A. J. Barber on his regular rounds, in order to become well posted in local geography. Their trip took them from Adelaide in the south, through Oodnadatta and Alice Springs to Darwin on the north coast. In returning, they made detours both east and west, crossing the proposed Cloncurry flying range, then south to Birdsville, and back to Longreach and the train. It was a three-month job and a trip of 4,500 miles in their sturdy little car. Mr. Barber traveled as parson and general friend. Dr. Simpson was doctor and driver and car-repairer.

Among their first stopping places was Coober Pedy, one of the few spots on this earth that produces the precious opal.

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The men, some women, and a few children, live in dug-outs on the side of the hill. "It was a peculiar feeling to drive up the main street of this town. As you approach it there is nothing at all to see betokening habitation, except cars parked on the road, and the familiar wireless masts. It was a unique experience to call at the underground post-office, buy goods at an underground store, and live in a spacious dug-out the earthy roof of which sparkled in the artificial light as if it were studded with diamonds."

AT Alice Springs they were almost in the center of Australia. It is in the McDonnell Ranges, well wooded and watered, an attractive spot, just outside the Southern Tropic. The nursing home, called The Hostel, is the center of the town and a general meeting-place for all. It has been a going concern for some years and is a model establishment with electric light, good living-rooms and modern plumbing. Here outpatients kept the doctor busy. Three old natives were in the hospital. They had been taken up some weeks before for killing cattle. They had pneumonia very badly and did not know one word of English. One died and the others made up their minds they would die, too. But the novelty of being so taken care of cheered them up. The stethoscope seemed to be something to extract pain, and they wanted it applied to other parts, such as a sore, swollen ankle. Both recovered. A white man, the owner of a ranch, was very ill with asthma and complications. One of the hands was in need of local treatment. And so on.

As they approached Darwin, they saw hundreds of the enormous castles of the white ants, some buttressed like Gothic cathedrals and as tall as a telegraph pole. They are the color of brown mortar, and are sometimes broken down and used as mortar.

Darwin they found an unreal sort of place, a primitive stairway into Northern Australia, with numbers of Chinese who all claim to be Australian-born. It was too hot for any one to be very active there.

Dr. Simpson carried a small moving-picture camera, and at a large camp of aborigines, they had the good luck to run into a native celebration, with which white people were supposed to have nothing to do. Most of the performers were nude, decorated most startlingly with white birds' down, stuck on with a little blood from numerous scratches.

The account of the trip is punctuated by constant interludes for car repairs, the best-tempered car being jolted to pieces by rocks, sand and mud. One Sunday, after patients were attended to, the repair-man had to take care of two broken springs, all the buffers, three loose wheels, and one flat tire. He had willing workers to help but it took all day to get the car in running order again.

At length they reached Cloncurry, a small town well within the tropic about latitude 21° south. Cloncurry has been selected for the try-out, because it is the center of a rapidly developing region which is still thinly populated. It is mostly good flying country and, on the Mitchell grass plains, landing places are easily prepared outside any homestead by the owner or lessee. April was selected as a good time to begin, because the rainy season—which usually lasts from December through March—is then over, and by the time the next rainy season comes round, the directors of the new service will have gained considerable experience and have a better idea of how the difficulties may be overcome.

By April the promoters had in hand thirty-five thousand dollars, enough to run the Cloncurry station for a year. Contracts had been signed with Q. A. N. T. A. S. to furnish, whenever needed, an airplane of the regular air-mail type, with ambulance fittings, manned by one of their pilots, for half the regular mileage charge, the federal government, through the Defence Department, paying the other half. There will be no charge to the patient or to the local community for the medical air-service. It is free to all, rich and poor, but donations will be acceptable and it is expected that in time some of the stations will be taken over by the local people.

Twenty-one applications for the position of medical officer had been received, two of the earliest being from women. Dr. K. St. Vincent Welch, the one selected, is a Sydney physician, who has taken leave of his good practice for a year because of his great interest in the new project. The service thus starts out with the unlooked-for advantage of having as the first flying doctor a man of the highest professional standing and experience.

Cloncurry Medical Flying Station was opened on May 17. Dr. Welch writes that he had just landed there from the air, when the local doctor stepped up and begged him—even before he could be welcomed by the waiting committee—to come over to the hospital where he was urgently needed. A patient, bleeding profusely from the throat, had been brought fifty miles by car instead of being cared for on the spot, a typical case for the Flying Service. At the end of the first month, Dr. Welch reported that he had been kept constantly busy.

The completed service will cover the entire Inland. There will be six medical flying stations, each serving a radius of about three hundred miles, the nearest at Beltana, three hundred miles north of Adelaide, the furthest at Port Hedland, on the northwest coast. East station will be staffed with a doctor and two nurses. Local arrangements will have to be made for housing the plane and pilot.

On one point the organizers are insistent: They are not working to improve present medical or public-health service for any of the settled communities. It is not intended to infringe upon any field already covered, but to go beyond community boundaries, pressing onwards by plane and radio to bring help in sickness and disaster to the extreme frontiers of settlement.

IS THIS A PERMANENT COUNTRY?

(*Continued from page 28*)

pounds per acre. It will be a long time before such nuts are worth less than ten cents a pound. That makes $100 an acre per year, from your hill pasture, in addition to its being pasture land and adding an increment of wood. Just for safety, cut the income figure in two.

Physicians are telling us to eat less meat if we want to have a peppy old age. Most of these doctors tell us that nuts are a good substitute—some say, the best substitute—for meat. Apparently the nut industry offers us a way to save our health and our hills at the same time.

We are importing a million dollars' worth of nuts a week in this country. Yet when I tell about the hickory nut I know that the hickory tree is not going to replace corn, cotton and tobacco on many of the gullying hills. I know further that a few hundred thousand acres of hickory trees would completely glut the hickory-nut market. Therefore, the hickory-nut crop can not be seriously considered as a major check for soil wash. This can only happen when we have found the tree crops that will grow forage to feed our beasts. After all, the chief object of American agriculture is not to feed folks but to fill the capacious paunches of our millions of domestic animals. We ourselves do not eat much. The beasts get the produce of at least four-fifths of the acres of the American farms.

When talking about the hickory I might just as well have spoken about the walnut or the butternut, which cover the same areas and go even farther north; or the hazel nut, which grows from Virginia to Labrador and Hudson Bay; or the persimmon, which grows wild on a million square miles in the United States, is a great staple food in the Orient and is relished by every animal on the American farm; or the mulberry, which yields pig feed and chicken feed for ten weeks in the summer; or the Mazard cherry, growing in millions of American fence-rows, yielding good fruit for man and a seed whose kernel is relished by the pig. And lastly, I might have spoken of the acorn. It is possible that in our

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long, long human past these chunks of carbohydrate which litter the forest floors every autumn have fed more humans than wheat has fed. Bread made from acorns remains good a long time. It has about the same nutritive qualities as wheat bread plus a lot of fat, which makes it bread and butter combined. John Muir found it the best possible food to carry in his California mountain climbs. These trees and yet others growing wild in the forests of eastern America await the creative labors of the crop-makers.

In 1826 some one took a few beans to Hawaii and planted them. They grew into trees, which dropped more beans. Cattle, horses, and other livestock ate the beans for the sugary pulp that filled the pods. Since no beast can chew or digest the seed of the beans, they passed intact through the animal bodies and were quickly scattered over the islands. An important crop has resulted.

I shall try to establish the economic value of the crop by quoting the officials of the United States Agriculture's Experiment Station at Hawaii. It should be remembered that the government bulletin is written under rules of severe conservatism which require that the author shall keep out of his stuff all the juice and a good part of the meat. Yet, despite this pressure,the American operators of this Hawaiian station tell us that there are fifty thousand acres of algaroba forest in Hawaii, spread in great belts on the drier side of the islands, thriving in a rainfall of from twelve to fifteen inches a year beneath the tropic sun and yielding from two to ten tons of beans per acre. The Hawaiian station also tells us that four tons is a fair yield for a good algaroba forest, and that the ground bean (pod and all) is regarded as having food value equal, pound for pound, to barley or oats; that a half million bags of beans are being picked up every year; that it is being ground into meal which is the standard food for the dairy cow and the army horse. Furthermore, the tree blooms for months, yields much excellent honey and finally as firewood gives great heat when burned.

Compare the four tons of beans from this leguminous tree called keawe or algaroba (*Prosopis juliflora*) with one hundred bushels of corn which weigh less than three tons, and one hundred bushels of oats which weigh less than two tons. Now note that the average yield of the soil-destroying corn per acre in the United States is 1,580 pounds and of oats 910 pounds, and we appreciate the fact that this Hawaiian bean tree is a major crop tree and presents a type of agriculture having enormous potentialities.

EVEN more astonishing was the evidence given by Ben Williams, a Welshman, fifty-five years of age, ranch manager of the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company's estate on the Hawaiian island of Maui.

This estate has fifteen thousand acres in cane land, twenty-one thousand three hundred acres classed as waste and pasture, of which none was real waste and none real pasture. The area involved was thirty-six thousand three hundred acres—nearly sixty square miles—an area as large as some of the smaller counties in the United States. Its population is in thousands, and its organization is a vast group of industries, well subdivided, with a superintendent of cane fields, a factory superintendent, a chief engineer in the sugar mill, a foreman of machine shop, and the ranch manager, Mr. Williams, in charge of two hundred dairy cows, eight hundred cattle, seven hundred horses and mules, and two hundred and fifty pigs.

Of Mr. Williams' ranch domain, eight to nine thousand acres are in algaroba, planted by the cattle as they scattered the beans from one tree that stood by the windmill and its attendant drinking trough. By rule of thumb observation Mr. Williams said that one hundred pounds of keawe meal, when fed to pigs, horses, and cattle, was about equivalent to eighty pounds of good barley, which had been the standard horse feed of the islands for a long time. Mr. Williams said that each acre of good keawe will fatten at least six head of cattle. If the animals weigh six hundred pounds each when turned in, in ninety days they will weigh over eight hundred pounds each. I expressed my doubts.

"I have seen it done," declared Mr. Williams. "I know this, that you can take cattle, lean ones, that do weigh five hundred pounds and should weigh seven hundred pounds; and

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Interpreting Al Smith is a job cut out for The New Republic. Except in New York, progressives are but dimly aware of the promise of his growing personality. They have felt a freshening in the stale atmosphere of party politics, but they have not as yet had time to reflect upon the full meaning of his national leadership.

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Broken Minds of Youth

What is responsible for the mental disorders of "the uprising generation?" How do the endocrine glands affect personality? Can one overcome a poor heredity? Dr. Charles W. Burr, eminent psychiatrist, delves into the mysteries of the brain and pens some radical opinions on mental health and modern life, in the October issue of HYGEIA. A feature typical of the sound, brilliant articles appearing each month in The Health Magazine of the American Medical Association.

The Food We Eat

Here is some wonderfully practical advice on vitamins, roughage in the diet, foods for dyspepsia, by Dr. Julius Friedenwald.

Stuttering--A State of Mind

Stuttering is seldom cured by mechanical means but by making the persons forget his affliction. This is the modern method advocated by Dr. Walter Beran Wolfe in the October HYGEIA.

An Exposé of Rheumatism "Cures"

Dr. Arthur J. Cramp of the staff of the American Medical Association writes a fearless article on the frauds of some "patent" medicines.

In the same issue of HYGEIA there will be *Advice to the Hard of Hearing, The Bowling Green, Dental Superstitions, The Runabout Child,* and answers to health questions. All cleverly illustrated articles written in non-technical language by noted health authorities . . . HYGEIA'S regular subscription price is $3.00 a year, but here it is a special rate. Send the coupon now!

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if you put six of them on an acre of good keawe, they will average better than two pounds a day on raw beans which they pick up for themselves. You can take the season from the middle of July, and the six cattle will gain twelve hundred pounds and sometimes will go to sixteen hundred pounds of beef per acre on land with rainfall of twenty inches a year."

Mr. Williams reiterated these figures and saw me write them down. It should be mentioned that this man has a corps of accountants who keep books on every field for crops, for purchases, for sales, and for every bit of labor employed just as you would expect to find in the Standard Oil Company or in other highly organized corporations.

This particular ranch was one of several properties operated by the same management.

WHEN one considers that a good acre of Kentucky bluegrass or the rich pasture of old England will produce one hundred and fifty pounds of mutton per year, an Illinois farm in corn and alfalfa will make about four hundred and fifty pounds of beef and pork per acre per year, the keawe bean tree looms up as one of the king crops of the world.

In explaining the prodigious yields, Mr. Williams pointed to a particular tree which he said would yield from two to three tons. I measured the tree. It had a reach of eighty-four feet. The tree hung full of beans. Many were dropping and the tree was still blooming. It was then the fourth of August, but Mr. Williams assured me the tree would keep on blooming for some time and that it would drop beans for five months, from July to December.

Mr. Williams told me that he was having one thousand to fourteen hundred tons of beans per year picked up. Women picked up eight to ten forty-pound sacks of beans in a day and received an average of one dollar for the day's work. Many women picked up twenty sacks daily, thus making $2 to $2.25, which was more than they made in the sugar fields. It cost Mr. Williams $12.50 per ton to have the beans picked up and put in the storehouse; $5 to take them from the storehouse, have them ground and bagged; the bags cost $2; the total cost was $19.50 per ton. Allowing 10 per cent for shrinkage, the meal cost a little over one cent per pound.

Six men ground ten tons per day, with electrically driven machinery that used one-quarter of a barrel of fuel oil. The total grinding cost was three dollars per ton; itemized as follows:

Costs—Labor	$12.00
Power	12.00
Capital charge	6.00

It could be done for less if the plant were worked more continuously.

This particular stock food tree of tropic Hawaii will not endure frost but it is only one species of the large family of mesquites which grow from Utah to California, to Texas and to Patagonia inclusive. Some botanists even claim that the Hawaiian keawe is the same species as that growing in our Southwest. For a long time these beans have been eaten in southwestern United States by Indians, antelope, deer, cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs. Dr. Forbes, late director of the Arizona Agricultural Experiment Station, says the mesquite should be made into a crop.

The mesquites are valuable now and promising for the future, but I hope they will not become a red herring to the reader and confuse the real trail—the trail to the honey-locust tree. This tree, like the keawe, is a legume and therefore gets its own nitrogen from the air by way of the colonies of bacteria that live on its roots. It grows over nearly all of the United States, resisting drought, alkali and bitter cold in Nebraska and Dakota; resisting humidity in the Cotton Belt and whatever other climatic specialties California and Connecticut may have.

Last year the American Genetic Association offered cash prizes for the best honey-locust beans. As a result we have beans sixteen inches long, weighing when dry seventeen to the pound, and analyzing 29 per cent sugar in addition to a good protein content. These beans have been greedily eaten by the cattle in a dozen states since long before any of us were born.

Here is a soil-enriching tree, a good timber tree, yielding

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IN order to arouse an interest in the study of topics relating to commerce and industry, to stimulate those who have a college training to consider the problems of a business career, and to aid in constructive economic thinking, a committee composed of

Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago, Chairman
Professor J. B. Clark, Columbia University
Professor Edwin F. Gay, Harvard University
Hon. Theodore E. Burton, Washington, and
Professor Wesley C. Mitchell, Columbia University

has been enabled, through the generosity of Hart Schaffner & Marx of Chicago, to offer in 1929 prizes for the best studies in the economic field to certain classes of contestants.

CLASSES A AND B

Class A includes any residents of the United States or Canada, without restriction; the possession of a degree is not required of any contestant in this class, nor is any age limit set. Class B includes only those who, at the time the papers are sent in, are undergraduates of any American college. Attention is expressly called to the rule that a competitor is not confined to topics proposed in the announcements of this committee, but any other subject chosen must first be approved by it. As suggestions, a few questions are here given

1. The Influence of the South on Protectionism
2. The Effect on Commercial Banking of the Growth of Corporation Securities
3. The Methods of Maintaining Profits by Lowering Costs in the Face of Rising Wage Rates
4. Present and Future Status of the Lumber Industry
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are offered to contestants in Class B. No prizes will be awarded if, in the judgment of the committee, essays of sufficient merit are not submitted. The committee reserves to itself the right to award the two prizes of $1000 and $500 of Class A to undergraduates in Class B, if the merits of the papers demand it. The winner of a prize shall not receive the amount designated until he has prepared his manuscript for the printer to the satisfaction of the committee

The ownership of the copyright of studies to which the right to print has been awarded will vest in the donors, and it is expected that, without precluding the use of these papers as theses for higher degrees, they will cause them to be issued in some permanent form

Competitors are advised that, hereafter, the Committee will give preference to essays which do not run beyond 250 to 300 printed pages, and which excel in the higher qualities of economic insight, grasp of principles, power of analysis, and style. They should be inscribed with an assumed name, the class in which they are presented, and accompanied by a sealed envelope giving the real name and address of the competitor, together with any degrees or distinctions already obtained. No paper is eligible which shall have been printed or published in a form to disclose the identity of the author before the award shall have been made. Contestants are warned that in submitting essays in more than one contest they may disqualify themselves by disclosing their identity. If the competitor is in Class B, the sealed envelope should contain the name of the institution in which he is studying. The papers of Class A should be sent on or before June 1, 1929, and those of Class B before July 1, 1929, to

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THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE, INCORPORATED—Dobbs-Ferry-on-Hudson, New York. A national, non-sectarian training school scientifically equipped for the study, education and development of problem boys and girls, on commitment and by private arrangement—ages 7 to 16. Supported largely by voluntary contributions. For further information address Leon C. Faulkner, Managing Director.

COMMISSION ON INTERRACIAL COOPERATION—409 Palmer Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.; Will W. Alexander, Director. Seeks improvement of interracial attitudes and conditions through conference, cooperation, and popular education. Correspondence invited.

COUNCIL ON ADULT EDUCATION FOR THE FOREIGN - BORN—280 Madison Avenue, New York. Community organization and clearing-house for education and citizenship among the foreign-born. Publishes bulletins and serves as counselling agency. Chairman, John H. Finley; Treasurer, William H. Woodin; Secretary, Robert T. Hill.

COUNCIL OF WOMEN FOR HOME MISSIONS—105 East 22d St., New York. Composed of the Protestant national women's home mission boards of the United States and Canada. Purpose: To unify effort by consultation and cooperation in action.
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- Migrant Work, Laura H. Parker, Secretary.
- Religious Work for Indian Schools, Helen M. Brickman, Director.
- Bureau of Reference for Migrating People, follow-up of New Americans.
- Women's interdenominational groups—state, county, and local—are affiliated.

Strange Words.

Dr. Van Water's article, in this issue, drives home the fact that the public is still a long way from understanding the causes of crime and the treatment of the criminal. Gathered for serious discussion each year at state and national conferences, social workers speak glibly of probation, parole, delinquency, maladjustment. Board members, educators, readers of Survey Graphic understand; but how about the man in the street, or, say, the men in the lobbies of the hotels where many of the state conferences of social work will be held this fall? You will still find some of those who think social work is a misshapen kin to socialism. This, in spite of Amelia Earhart's having brought social work into the front page.

A probation officer, sometime ago, addressed a woman's club on Probation. Though he spoke forcefully and to the subject, his audience drifted away. Why? The good ladies thought he was to talk on Prohibition. They hadn't heard of Probation.

EYE SIGHT CONSERVATION COUNCIL OF AMERICA—L. W. Wallace, President; Guy A. Henry, General-Director, Times Bldg. New York. Conducts a national educational campaign to promote eye hygiene. Urges correction of eye defects, protection against hazards, proper lighting. Comprehensive publications—lantern slides—lecture material. Cooperation of social agencies invited.

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NATIONAL CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE—Wiley H. Swift, acting general secretary, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York. To improve child labor legislation; to conduct investigation in local communities; to advise on administration; to furnish information. Annual membership, $2, $5, $10, $25 and $100 includes monthly publication, "The American Child."

NATIONAL CHILD WELFARE ASSOCIATION, INC. (est. 1912, incorp. 1914), 70 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. (tel. Algonquin 9690) Promotes as its chief object the building of character in the children of America through the harmonious development of their bodies,

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DIRECTORY OF SOCIAL AGENCIES

minds, and spirits. Its method is, in co-operation with other organizations, to originate and disseminate educational material in the form of posters, books, bulletins, charts, slides, and insignia. Through its "Knighthood of Youth" it provides homes, schools and church schools with a method of character training through actual practice. Officers: Dr. John H. Finley, Pres.; Charles F. Powlison, Gen. Sec'y.

'HE NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR MENTAL HYGIENE, INC.—Dr. William H. Welch, honorary president; Dr. Charles P. Emerson, president; Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, medical director; Dr. Clarence J. D'Alton, executive assistant; Clifford W. Beers, secretary; 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Pamphlets on mental hygiene, mental and nervous disorders, feebleminded-ness, epilepsy, inebriety, delinquency, and other mental problems in human behavior, education, industry, psychiatric social service, etc. "Mental Hygiene," quarterly, $3.00 a year; "Mental Hygiene Bulletin" monthly, $1.00 a year.

'ATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK— Porter R. Lee, president, New York, N. Y.; Howard R. Knight, sec'y, 277 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio. The conference is an organization to discuss the principles of humanitarian effort and to increase the efficiency of social service agencies. Each year it holds an annual meeting, publishes in permanent form the Proceedings of the meeting, and issues a quartely Bulletin. The fifty-sixth annual meeting of the Conference will be held in San Francisco, California from June 26th to July 3rd, 1929. Proceedings are sent free of charge to all members upon payment of a membership fee of five dollars.

ATIONAL CONGRESS OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS—Mrs. S. M. N. Marrs, President. Mrs. A. C. Watkins, Executive Secretary, 1201 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. To develop cooperation between home and school, and an informed public opinion which will secure highest advantages for all children.

ATIONAL COUNCIL, CHURCH MISSION OF HELP— 27 West 25th St., New York. Agency of the Episcopal Church dealing with problems of unadjusted youth through social case work method. Seventeen units have been established, maintaining staffs of trained case workers in nine states.

ATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN— 370 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. Clearing house for 35 women's organizations. Valeria H. Parker, M.D., President.

NATIONAL HEALTH CIRCLE FOR COLORED PEOPLE, Inc.—370 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Honorary President; Dr. Jesse E. Mooreland, Pres.; Dr. George C. Booth, Treasurer; Miss Belle Davis, Executive Secretary.

To organize public opinion and support for health work among colored people.
To create and stimulate health consciousness and responsibility among the colored people in their own health problems.
To recruit, help educate and place young colored women in public health work.
Work supported by memberships and voluntary contributions.

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF BLINDNESS— Lewis H. Carris, Managing Director; Mrs. Winifred Hathaway, Associate Director; B. Franklin Rover, M.D., Medical Director; Eleanor P. Brown, Secretary, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York. Studies scientific advances in medical and pedagogical knowledge and disseminates practical information as to ways of preventing blindness and conserving sight. Literature, exhibits, lantern slides, lectures, charts and co-operation in sight-saving projects available on request.

THE NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR INSTITUTION EXECUTIVES AND OTHER WORKERS—At the Children's Village, Dobbs-Ferry-on-Hudson, New York. To furnish adequate training to properly qualified people wishing to engage in, or already engaged in, institution work. Provides opportunity for carefully guided study in all phases of institution management and activities. Aims to furnish a trained personnel for child caring Institutions. The first and only school of its kind in the country. For further information address Leon C. Faulkner, Managing Director.

NATIONAL URBAN LEAGUE—For social service among Negroes. L. Hollingsworth Wood, pres.; Eugene Kinckle Jones, exec. sec'y; 17 Madison Ave., New York. Establishes committees of white and colored people to work out community problems. Trains Negro social workers. Publishes "Opportunity"—a "journal of Negro life."

NATIONAL WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE—Mrs. Raymond Robins, honorary president; Miss Rose Schneiderman, president; 311 South Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Stands for self-government in the work shop through organization and also for the enactment of protective legislation. Information given.

NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION—Mrs. Ella A. Boole, president; Headquarters, 1730 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Illinois. To secure effective enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, to advance the welfare of the American people through the department of Child Welfare, Economics of Prohibition, Social Morality, Scientific Temperance Instruction, Racial Groups, and other allied fields of endeavor. Official publication: "The Union Signal" published at Headquarters.

PLAYGROUND AND RECREATION ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA— 315 Fourth Ave., New York City. Joseph Lee, president; H. S. Braucher, secretary. To bring to every boy and girl and citizen of America an adequate opportunity for wholesome, happy play and recreation. Playgrounds, community centers, swimming pools, athletics, music, drama, camping, home play, are all means to this end.

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THE WOMEN'S FOUNDATION FOR HEALTH, Inc.— 370 Seventh Ave., New York. Lenna L. Means, M.D., Med. Dir. To create, among the apparently well, an individual and community health consciousness by interpreting the technique of the health examination and a definitely prescribed health building program with Positive Health as the ultimate goal. Official Text: Handbook on Positive Health, $1.50. Courses in Good Body Mechanics adapted to group and individual needs.

WORKER'S EDUCATION BUREAU OF AMERICA—A cooperative Educational Agency for the promotion of Adult Education among Industrial Workers. 476 West 24th Street. New York City. Spencer Miller Jr., Secretary.

(*Continued from page* 58)

ith apparent regularity an abundant forage crop that is eedily eaten by stock.

This crop marvel which grows nearly all over the United tates in a great variety of soils has specimen trees producing g beans having a greater percentage of sugar than sugar ets after a century of improvement or sugar cane after illenniums of culture.

Here is the crop that might really reclaim the hills. As feed r beef cattle, dairy cows, sheep, horses, pigs, and chickens e might easily have fifty or a hundred million acres of honey-cust trees whose roots would be holding the soil on the lls while the trees delivered food crops. It is conceivable at it might become the sugar crop of the world. If so, we ight need many million acres more. It even is possible that ney-locust beans would make hootch—but this is a subject which I am inexpert.

Now here is the irony of the situation. Who is going to put the money and the years of labor necessary to search for od honey-locust trees? Who will propagate them, breed em, and do the heavy experimental work required to make real crop and establish new industries? No, the Department Agriculture can not do it. Mr. Secretary Jardine tells e with sympathetic understanding that his department can not touch the honey locust. He hasn't the appropriations. Don't blame the secretary. His money comes from Congress—when he gets it. Just think for a moment who is boss of Chicago—and therefore sends congressmen to Washington; and who is boss of New York and sends congressmen and senators to Washington; and also who is boss of Philadelphia and of the other American cities and states. And remember also that first great necessity of a legislator—getting elected; and his second great necessity—getting re-elected! No, there is no prospect of this kind of creative work at the hands of a democracy whose voters are from the sixth grade and are run by political bosses who have little interest in natural resources, civilization or the human race.

The development of these vitally needed tree crops seems to depend upon private initiative of the creators and the people who work for fun. The real need is for a few millionaires with creative agricultural imaginations. In the meantime that group of financially poor men rich with ideas, the American Genetic Association, is giving the honey-locust tree a little attention. If you know of a tree yielding fine beans please persuade the owner to send five pounds of them to the American Genetic Association, Victor Building, Washington, D. C. He might get the twenty-five dollar prize or one of the other eight prizes, and the world of science would know of the tree.

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